Hawaiian Cruise



United States Ship
Wyoming
1925

RADM J W STRYKER
3108 CAMERON MILLS
ALEXANDRIA, VA 22302

SOUVENIR OF

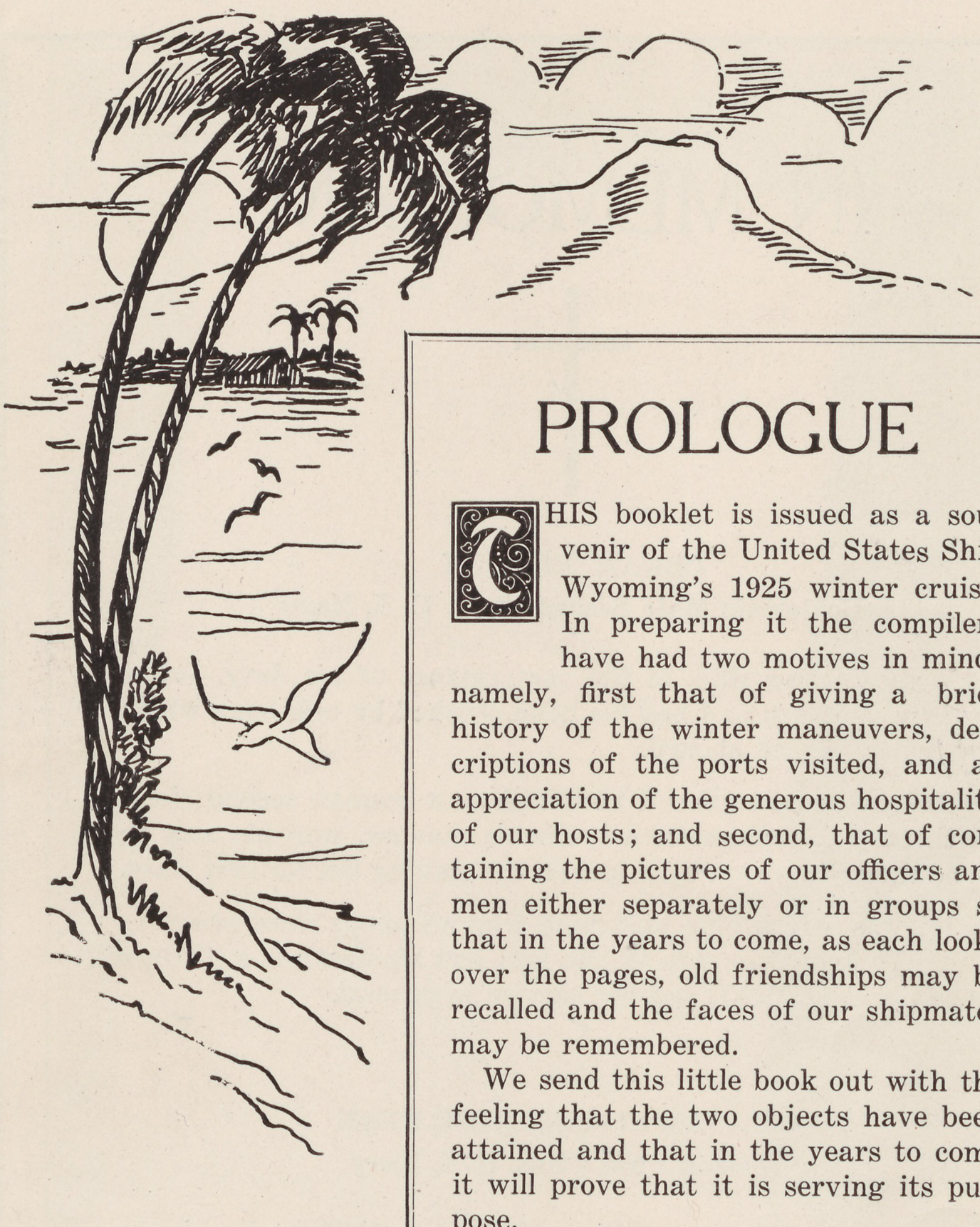
HAWAIIAN CRUISE

Nineteen Twenty-five

OF

UNITED STATES SHIP WYOMING

January Twenty-sixth
to
July Seventeenth



PROLOGUE

THIS booklet is issued as a souvenir of the United States Ship Wyoming's 1925 winter cruise. In preparing it the compilers have had two motives in mind; namely, first that of giving a brief history of the winter maneuvers, descriptions of the ports visited, and an appreciation of the generous hospitality of our hosts; and second, that of containing the pictures of our officers and men either separately or in groups so that in the years to come, as each looks over the pages, old friendships may be recalled and the faces of our shipmates may be remembered.

We send this little book out with the feeling that the two objects have been attained and that in the years to come it will prove that it is serving its purpose.

The booklet is not entirely complete; through a misfortune we were unable to reproduce the picture of a man loved by officers and crew; Captain (ChC) James D. MacNair, U. S. Navy, Ship's and Scouting Fleet Chaplain.

IN MEMORIAM

†

OSKAR RORVEK

Boatswain Mate Second Class, U. S. Navy

While coaling ship, in the performance of his duty, Oskar Rorvek was struck and had his head crushed by coal bags which were being hoisted aboard.

Rorvek came to the WYOMING as a seaman second class, and through his earnest work, likable manner, won his way to second class boatswain mate and on the waiting list for first class.

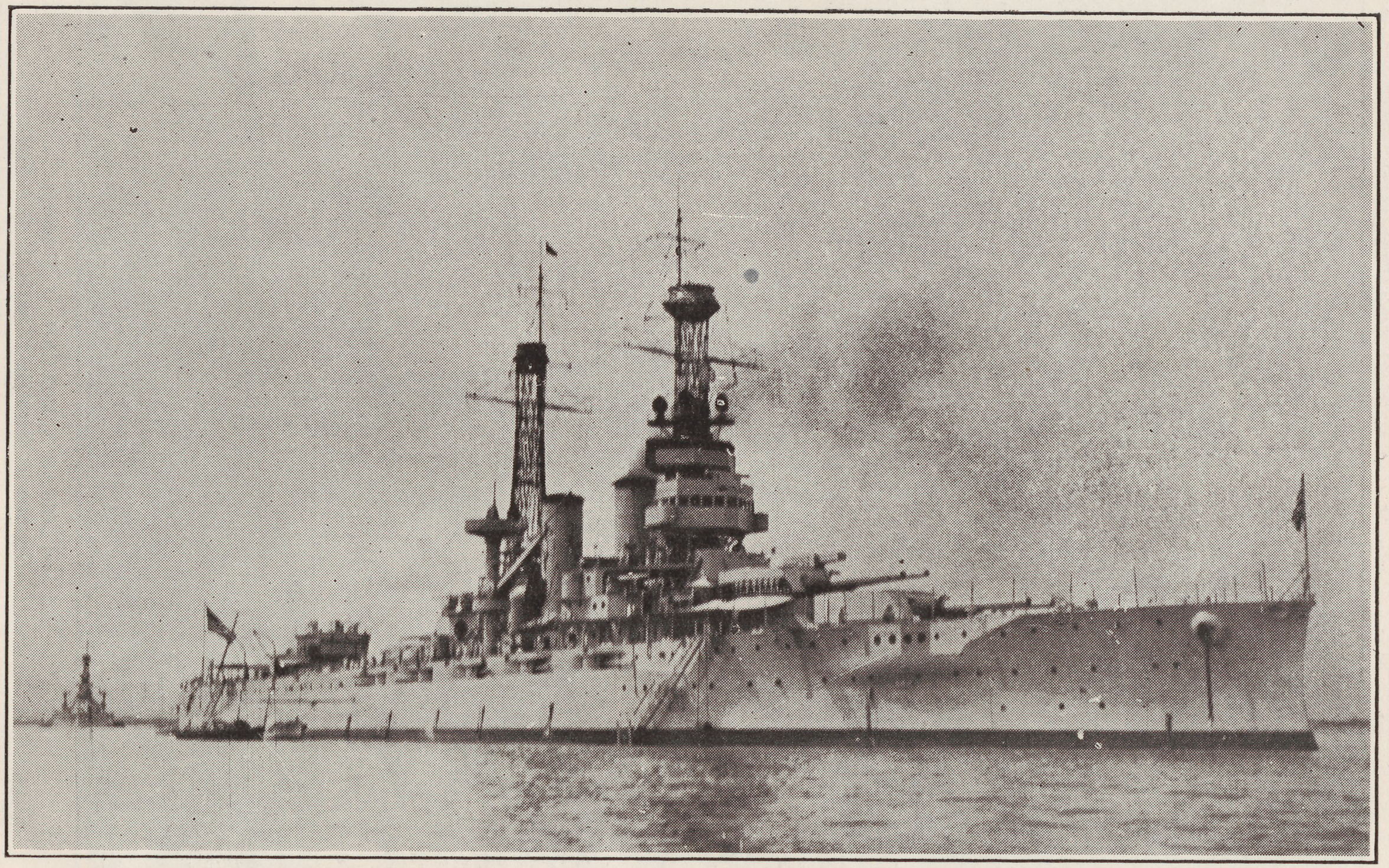
He was a true blue sailorman who all hands were proud to know. To know him was to like him and his death is a distinct loss to the WYOMING and the service in general.

WILLIAM CLARK MIDDLETON

Yeoman First Class, U. S. Navy

Died suddenly the morning of June 6, 1925 on board the U. S. S. RELIEF (Hospital Ship) to which he had recently been transferred for treatment.

Middleton was Navigator's yeoman, a willing worker; extremely well liked by all, always willing to do a favor at all times and ask none in return. Prominent in Athletics; he was active in football and starred in many of the WYOMING'S hardest games. Water Polo, Track and Basket Ball Teams were blessed by the honor of having Middleton on their teams and he was one of the greatest assets any ship could boast of.



UNITED STATES SHIP WYOMING



Vice Admiral JOSIAH S. McKEAN, U. S. Navy
Commander Scouting Fleet



STAFF OF THE COMMANDER UNITED STATES SCOUTING FLEET

Standing—Left to Right

Lieutenant-Commander D. F. Patterson
Flag Lieutenant

Lieutenant-Commander W. W. Smith
Flag Secretary

Major (USMC) C. B. Vogel
Fleet Marine Officer

Ensign C. A. Havard
Assistant for Communications

Commander (CC) R. T. Hanson
Fleet Construction Officer

Lieutenant-Commander H. W. Boynton
Fleet Communication Officer

Lieutenant H. A. Sailor
Fleet Personnel Officer

Commander A. Norris
Fleet Engineer Officer

Sitting—Left to Right

Captain (SC) T. J. Arms
Fleet Paymaster

Captain A. W. Hinds
Chief of Staff

Vice Admiral J. S. McKean
Commander Scouting Fleet

Commander A. W. Sears
Fleet Operations Officer

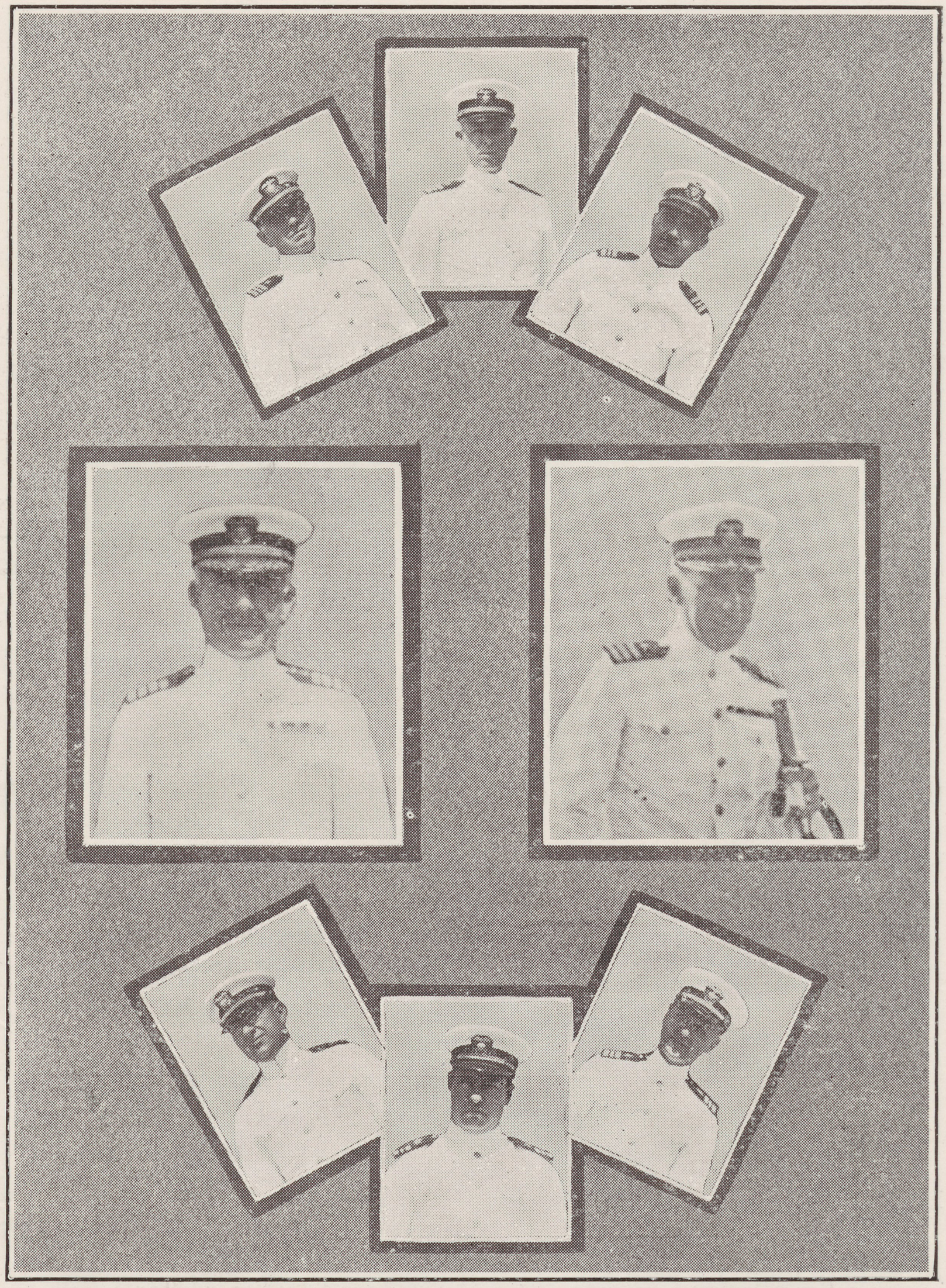
Commander (MC) J. F. Murphy
Fleet Medical Officer

Commander C. R. Robinson
Fleet Gunnery Officer

Lieutenant-Commander B. G. Leighton
Fleet Aviation Officer

Captain (ChC) J. D. MacNair
Fleet Chaplain

Pay Clerk T. J. Vincent
Assistant to Fleet Paymaster



CAPTAIN, EXECUTIVE OFFICER, and HEADS of DEPARTMENTS

Top Row—Left to Right
Lieut. Comdr. A. M. R. Allen
Gunnery Officer
Lieut. Comdr. G. H. Howell
First Lieutenant
Lieut. Comdr. H. J. Pierce
Navigator

Center Row—Left to Right

Captain K. M. Bennett
Commanding

Commander A. K. Shoup
Executive Officer

Bottom Row—Left to Right
Lieut. Comdr. A. H. Mayo
Supply Officer
Lieut. Comdr. A. L. Morgan, Jr.
Engineer Officer
Lieut. Comdr. W. W. Hargrave
Medical Officer

Roster of Officers

Captain KENNETH M. BENNETT, U. S. Navy
Commanding

Commander AUBREY K. SHOUP, U. S. Navy
Executive Officer

Lieut. Commander A. M. R. Allen
Lieut. Commander A. L. Morgan, Jr.
Lieut. Commander G. H. Howell
Lieut. Commander H. J. Pierce
Lieut. Commander V. A. Clarke, Jr.
Lieutenant Oliver O. Kessing
Lieutenant W. M. A. Wynne
Lieutenant O. Nimitz
Lieutenant P. C. Morgan
Lieutenant A. T. Lindblad
Lieutenant E. L. Newell
Lieutenant C. P. Porter
Lieutenant E. L. Kell
Lieutenant M. T. Grubham
Lieutenant (jg) C. M. Huntington
Lieutenant (jg) G. H. Gregory
Lieutenant (jg) W. W. Smith
Lieutenant (jg) W. H. Healey
Lieutenant (jg) E. W. Schell
Lieutenant (jg) W. R. Jones
Ensign J. J. B. Fulenwider
Ensign A. R. McCracken
Ensign J. R. Wallace
Ensign K. D. McCracken
Ensign C. H. Bennett
Ensign J. W. Price, Jr.
Ensign F. L. Robbins
Ensign W. T. Eckberg
Ensign F. J. Grandfield
Ensign A. M. Hooper

Ensign P. M. Boltz
Ensign R. D. Phillips
Ensign N. K. Roberts
Ensign B. D. Quinn
Ensign W. M. Graesser
Ensign T. E. Fraser
Ensign E. W. Irish
Ensign S. B. Colt, Jr.
Ensign A. E. McLaughlin
Ensign T. C. Southerland
Ensign A. C. Wood
Lieut. Comdr. (MC) W. W. Hargrave
Lieutenant (MCDS) S. O. Claytor
Lieutenant (jg) (MC) C. J. Stuart
Lieut. Commander (SC) A. H. Mayo
Lieutenant (SC) K. S. Farnum
Captain (ChC) J. D. MacNair
Captain (USMC) E. H. Jenkins
2nd Lieutenant (USMC) J. R. Streett
Boatswain R. V. Svendsen
Chief Gunner W. E. Perschbach
Chief Gunner A. F. Murphy
Gunner A. J. Berberick
Gunner H. T. Petersen
Chief Machinist H. I. Edwards
Chief Machinist E. A. Healy
Chief Machinist E. O. Tauer
Chief Carpenter L. M. Hull
Pay Clerk A. Lyell, Jr.
Pay Clerk G. O. R. Roberson

Itinerary of the Hawaiian Cruise 1925

Ports Visited, Nature of Duty, and Distance Traveled

Date	Nature of Duty Performed	Miles
Jan. 26—27	Enroute to Hampton Roads from New York	289.0
Jan. 28	At Anchor Hampton Roads. Coal and Supplies	
Jan. 28—Feb. 2	Enroute to Guantanamo Bay, Cuba	1226.5
Feb. 3—12	Guantanamo Bay. Gunnery Exercises	619.5
Feb. 13—17	Enroute to Canal Zone. Coaled Ship	766.1
Feb. 18	Transit of Panama Canal	58.6
Feb. 18—24	Balboa, C. Z. Liberty and Recreation	
Feb. 25—Mar. 12	Enroute San Diego, Calif. Fleet Problem 5	3503.5
Mar. 13—16	Coaled Ship. Overhaul and Liberty	
Mar. 17	Enroute San Pedro, Calif.	96.2
Mar. 17—Apr. 2	U. S. Fleet Maneuvers. Fired L.R.B.P. and F. P. Liberty at San Pedro	1013.0
Apr. 3—5	Annual Full Power Endurance Run. Enroute San Francisco	695.3
Apr. 6—14	At San Francisco, Calif. Liberty and Overhaul	
Apr. 15—26	Enroute Honolulu, T. H. J.A.&N. Problem 3	3762.7
Apr. 27—May 6	At Honolulu, T. H. Liberty and Upkeep. Coaled Ship, Supplies and Athletics	
May 7—9	U. S. Fleet Sortie enroute to Lahaina Roads T. H.	442.9
May 9—20	At Lahaina. Upkeep, Supplies, Athletics	625.3
May 21	Battle Torpedo Practice No. 1 (Destroyers)	144.1
May 21—22	Enroute Pearl Harbor, T. H., to Coal Ship. Returned to Lahaina	150.9
May 22—25	Lahaina Roads, T. H. Liberty, Athletics	
May 26—27	U. S. Fleet Maneuvers	405.1
May 28	U. S. Fleet Maneuvers Enroute Honolulu	374.6
May 29—June 6	At Honolulu, T. H. Coaled. Overhaul, Liberty	140.7
June 7—8	Enroute Hilo, T. H.	212.7
June 9—10	At Hilo, T. H. Liberty	
June 11—18	Enroute San Diego. Gunnery Drills	2180.0
June 18—22	At San Diego. Coaled Ship. Supplies and Liberty	
June 23—July 1	Enroute Balboa Canal Zone. Gunnery Drills	2849.0
July 1—9	Liberty, Upkeep, Coaled Ship	
July 10	Transit Panama Canal	58.6
July 11—17	Enroute Canal Zone to New York	1984.0
	Total distance traveled	21,598.3

The Hawaiian Cruise of 1925

GO up on deck, stop the first man you see, and ask him if he ever got tired of New York. He'll tell you "NO!", and he'll believe he's telling the truth, but he isn't. He has been gone so long that he can't remember when he wasn't looking at the Pacific Ocean through a port hole.

Once upon a time—to be exact, January 1925—the WYOMING was unmooring from a dock in the Brooklyn Navy Yard after a three months' overhaul. If this was a movie plot instead of the story of our Hawaiian Cruise, we should at this point flash on the screen a subtitle something like this: "With stern faces that betrayed not their breaking hearts, the conquerors of the sea bade their silent farewell to loved ones at home and steamed out into the unknown deep!"

But this isn't a movie. When we left New York, we left with open minds and empty pockets. We were broke, and everybody knew it! And we were cold. In fact, that last weekend in New York City the temperature played around six degrees above zero. Anybody who wouldn't rather start on a cruise to the tropics than to stay in New York when all he can afford is the icicles off the whale boat falls is—well, he doesn't speak our language, that's all.

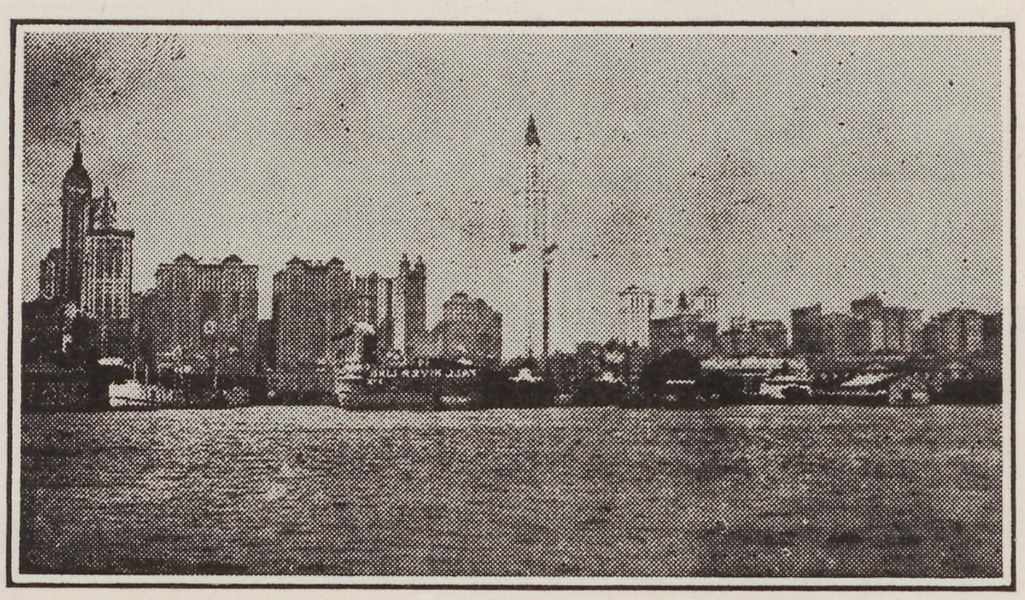
We were glad to start. We put in a small stores slip for whites, we made an allotment—don't forget the allotment—and as we passed under the Brooklyn Bridge, we even made some resolutions about what we were going to do before we got back again. It sounds like a sacrilege now, but then it seemed good to be at sea again, heading South. No sir, we didn't see anybody break down and scream as we cleared Ambrose Channel Light.

So we said goodbye to the King of Home Ports on the twenty sixth day of January, 1925.

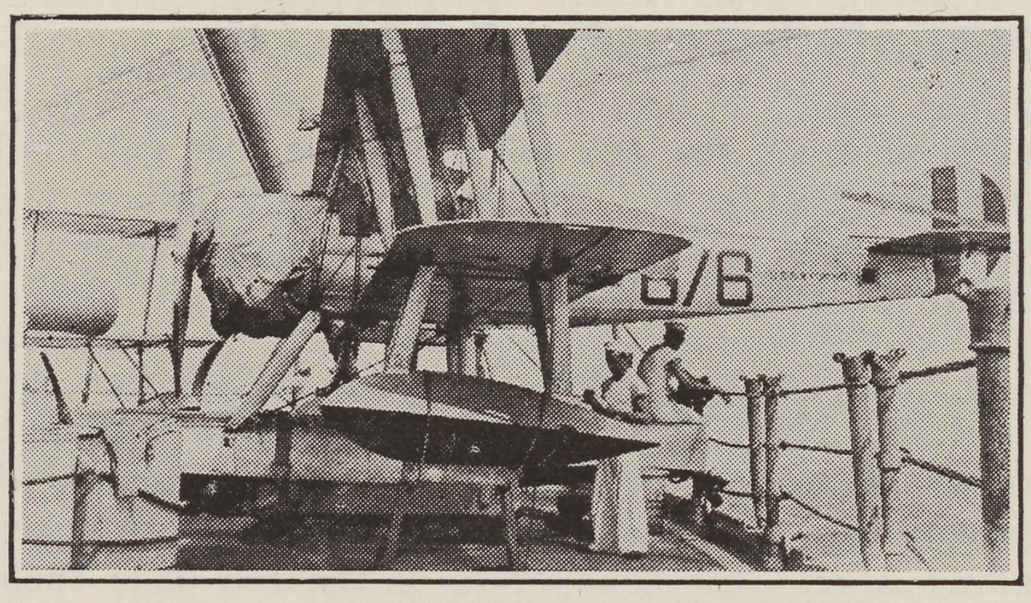
Now if you have ever been on a coal burning ship—and you have!—you know the Hampton Roads route between New York and Cuba. That's the one we took.

The next morning at quarters the air was balmy. Then the thermometer began to lose control and by the time we had anchored in Hampton Roads, Virginia, the weather was getting nasty.

In the old Navy, all they had to do when they wanted to coal ship was to start a war or find a ship smaller than they were, and take on a new supply of galley-slaves. Then some savvy bird who couldn't let well



HARBOR SCENE, NEW YORK CITY



NAVY OBSERVATION PLANE

enough alone decided to do away with oars, and equipped his crew with shovels. This quaint old coal-shovel custom still prevails, and is carefully observed by many of our ships of the present time.

It was duly observed by the Wyoming that day in Hampton Roads. Not only that day, but the next one, too, for the blizzard that hit us made the work slow—the meanest coaling in history.

We had time to do a little modernizing in spite of the coaling, however. This consisted of taking aboard two airplanes, which have perched back there abaft number six turret through some of the roughest weather we ever want to see. New toys for Archie's boys! And some new shipmates—the aviators.

Yes—from out of the sleet and snow Santa Claus presented the Wyoming with two fine gas buggies so the boys of the 5th and 6th divisions could play put and take (put 'em over and take 'em back). Some said that they were brought aboard for no reason whatsoever, others—thought so too! However, they are aboard for a real purpose—the development of aviation in the Navy and the increase of gunnery efficiency. This will, of course, require time, operation, and loads of cooperation. Even though opportunities for flying have been few many valuable lessons have been learned, so that next Gunnery year will find the ship and planes working together and winning the big gunnery "E".

When one ordinarily takes a glance at the stern he gets the impression that the Chief Engineer has loaded on a couple of spare coal piles. However, if he will watch—not the engineers this time, but the aviators—break out their shovels and dig for several hours in the Pittsburgh diamonds, he will be surprised to see them unearth two of the Navy's excellent observation planes. It seems that the coal which we took so much trouble to bring along with us, when heated, has a Mexican Bean tendency and jumps out the stacks accompanied by old clothes, shoes, and an occasional corn cob pipe. Shorty Bupp spends all of his time under No. 2 stack with a basket trying to catch a pair of shoes to fit him ever since someone borrowed his new dogs. But as we were saying, the planes are late model, two seated machines with, 35 feet of wing spread and 28 feet from stem to stern. They carry 46 gallons of gas apiece inside tanks, and seven tons of coal in the cock pits. The engine, which is a 200 horsepower motor, when all the horses are feeling well, will pull the plane at a speed of 65 knots for about 4 hours. In the after cock pit is a radio with the latest assortment of dots and dashes. They will be equipped with steam heat and running water, next cruise. Incidentally, we'll have catapults, too, so instead of all hands rushing on deck to put the planes over the side, Archie can detail his best mess cook to pull the trigger and shoot the Gosh Dern things off.

But we're getting away from our story. We left Hampton Roads with our coal bunkers full the evening of January 28th. The less said about the next couple of days the better, for we ran into a good old Cape Hatteras storm before we had time for a field day. It is rumored that some were seasick. We aren't saying a word, but we were certainly relieved to hit the Gulf Stream.

The first of February our troubles were over. We passed San Salvador—where Columbus made his historic landfall in 1492—and the uniform was whites! We were in the Tropics once more. The Bahamas looked as good to us as they did to Columbus. Probably better, for we didn't stop!

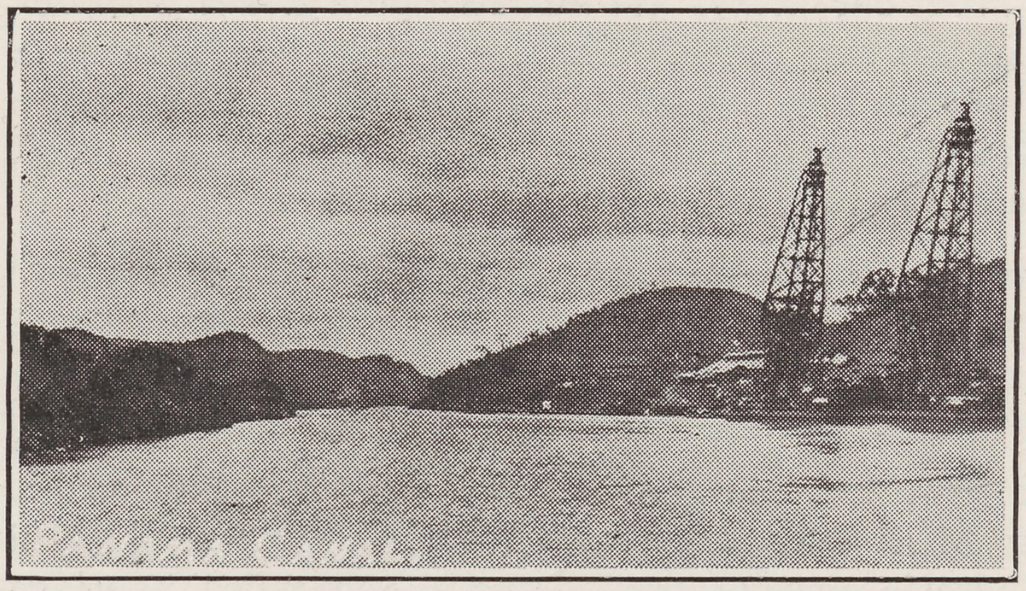
On the second of February we dropped anchor in Guantanamo Bay, Cuba. The island is noted for the city of Havana, moonlight, the product of the Bacardi Brothers, and Caimanera. There is another city in the island called Santiago where the American Army had an argument with the Spaniards in 1898. A couple of years ago the American bluejackets followed their example with the Cuban Police as opponents and no liberty parties have gone there since. Caimanera was visited only by officers, boats' crews, and stewards, for it has the reputation of being a wild, wicked, willage where wine, women, and song flourish. (The singing is below the average).

Guantanamo is called by imaginative newspaper writers "The Navy's winter playground in the Atlantic." The toys furnished are coal, paint brushes, holy stones, shells, and mud. That may be someone's idea of a vacation, but not ours. The gentle breezes we met after leaving Hampton Roads took much of our paint off so the third of February was spent painting ship. On the fourth we coaled and our two days rest put us in fine shape to begin our practices. The party started next day with Turret Day Spotting Practice. The Arkansas towed, spotters were on the New York, and the Wyoming fired. The object of the game was to miss the target (which we did with neatness and dispatch) so that the spotters could spot us on. Broadside Day Spotting followed on the tenth with Night Battle "B" and Night Battle "A" on the following days. The night practices were very pretty to watch with star shell and searchlight illumination, and some of the gun's crews enjoyed the show so much that they forgot to fire, thus saving the Vestal from a watery grave.

We were not able to participate in many athletic contests or to do ourselves justice in those we entered due to the brief period of time we spent there. The ship's Rifle Team went ashore on the twelfth and practiced knee deep in mud. The following day they fired again and left the records as our score in the competition. The battleship elimination bouts were staged on Saturday with the Wyoming winning six



GUANTANAMO BAY, CUBA



SCENE IN PANAMA CANAL

out of eight bouts. A list of the winners looks like a roster of All Navy Champions, but you'll read of that elsewhere in this book. The baseball teams went ashore several times but most of the practices broke up in arguments. Half the squad thought the uniform should be boots while others voted for snow shoes. In spite of the mud the Coco Cola was enjoyed by all. On the thirteenth occurred the memorable race for the Atlantic Challenge Trophy. Whether the date had anything to do with it or not the New York beat us by a stroke. With only a week's practice our crew did remarkably well and this Fall should tell a different story. The second race boat won easily and the Marines, with a crew picked up the night before, pluckily kept at it till the line was crossed. We left Guantanamo Bay on the fourteenth and after an uneventful passage sighted Colon, on the seventeenth.

Panama, according to grammar school boys, and others who ought to know, is a narrow neck of land connecting North and South America, without stretching too much. There are stories told of those who have tried to stretch it as far as New York, but why a Panama Police, if not to keep Panama in Panama, if you get what we mean.

Panamanians used to be less educated and more contented until Uncle Sam decided to build his canal so that we could have bigger and better movies, and super productions with foreign spies and sleek, slinking, secret agents. How many people have paid a dime to see Gatun Locks blown out of the water by the mysterious Mr. X in a false mustache and a checkered suit!

Now Panamanians work, which is you might say, from the sublime to the ridiculous, for a principle. They coal ships barefoot—which is a foolish habit—and sell whisky at high prices—which isn't so foolish. They grow bananas and sell New York importations with a Japanese label at a Panama price, which is what could be called "rare internationalism"—also profitable. Those who don't succumb to trades, drive taxies—at a predetermined rate if you're wise—or they sell you the car on installments. They graduate from schools and have ambitions, hang a piece of green bunting from a cafe wall, call it carnival week, and make it worth a "two bit" cost for a nickel service, which you can point out as one argument against the modern school system and Wall Street methods.

And yet you can claim sentiment is dead in this modern Panama? We coaled from a dock midway between the Sultan of Turkey's yacht and the "hole in the wall" that remains of the old French Canal. Proof that a Frenchman may win a war but he can't kill mosquitoes.

But who can say the same of chivalry? There is a story told of old Panama in the days when the local Princes rode the streets in gilded carriages while

women did the work, that a young adventurer by the name of Henry Morgan descended on the town, fired various and sundry iron balls into its midst, sailed off with all the gold, and was made a knight of the realm for his brave and gallant deeds. But the world has changed since then, we heard, and we went ashore and did our best to give it back, and got summary courts on the effects and made nights in the brig for our gallant deeds—which is, as you might say, handing back a dirty dig with a shovel, and proof that this world is yet a sordid place.

History records its first memories of Panama through one Balboa, who wandered into Panama murmuring something about soothing waters (most likely in connection with Jimmie Dean's Emporium) and claimed Panama and the entire Pacific in the name of Ferdinand and Isabella. A rather large order, but the Panama women thought Balboa was a devil, an enviable reputation even in this day of women's rights and suffrage, and let him get away with it. And even to-day there are those who wish he'd made good on the Pacific part of the threat, for one couldn't eject ashes on a Spanish Lake—nor maneuver.

When the South American countries revolted against the declining power of Spain, Colombia absorbed Panama, from whom they in turn gained their independence in 1903. It was not until 1924 that amiable relations were once more restored between the two countries. The Independence of Panama is now guaranteed by the United States, which automatically does away with the country as a stopping place for Richard Harding Davis' "Soldiers of Fortune," and a corresponding dearth of lurid fiction.

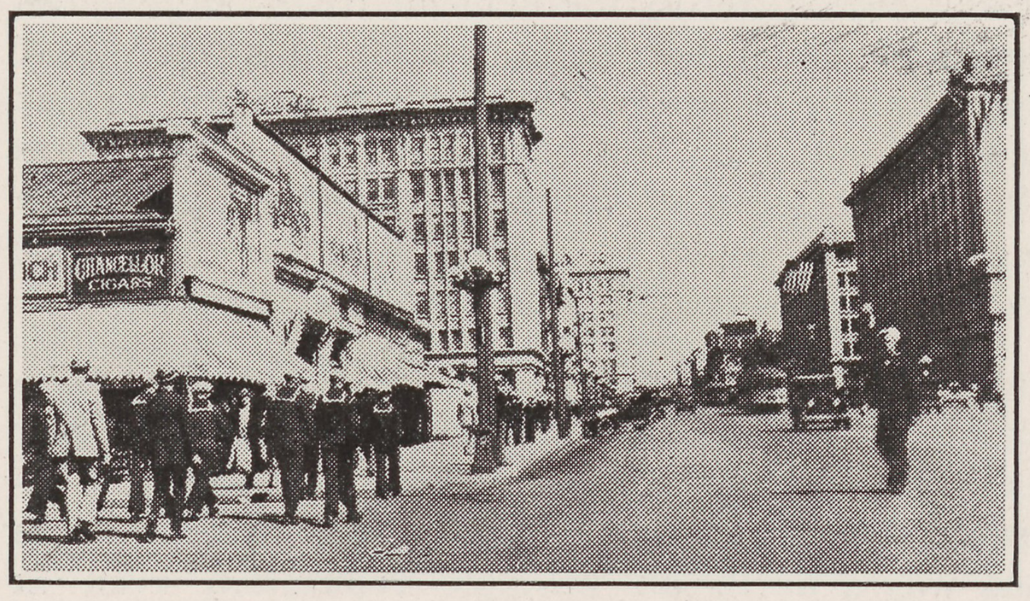
Panama is now run in turn by the United States, the All American Cables, and the United Fruit Company. She requires no standing army or navy, but just a threat that citizens will be called on in time of necessity—yet she has a very efficient police force who aptly express themselves with the motto, "He who hesitates is lost." Reference: The man who's tried one.

Through the center of Panama extends the Canal Zone (dry), forty miles long and ten wide, encompassing the canal, run in turn by the United States and the time table of the Panama Railroad (rather slow) and inhabited principally by a lot of the army and a few crocodiles.

The zone was taken over by the United States in May 1904, and work begun a year later to improve the sanitation and to destroy the malaria and yellow fever carrying mosquitoes. The success attending this task made the construction of the canal possible. In 1906 the final changes were made in the plans and work was vigorously commenced, but not until January 1914 did the first self propelling ship make the passage.



JIMMIE DEAN'S, PANAMA



STREET SCENE, SAN DIEGO

In August of the same year commercial traffic was inaugerated.

The forty mile trip includes three series of locks and a rise of eighty-five feet into Gatun Lake. Perhaps the most famous part of the entire canal is the Culebra cut, where giant slides of earth and rock interfered with navigation from September 1915 to March 1916, and for several years constituted a considerable problem both before and after completion.

The trip North enroute to Calfornia found us busy with Gunnery drills, but with a moist Panama behind and a Prohibition dry and glowing WEST COAST ahead, even the beans didn't seem so regular. We drilled twice a day with that "other major unit" of the Scouting Fleet—yes, we mean the mine sweeper Rail —and while the drills came quite often we knew that they were good for us and took them with a smile.

After a week of it, though, we lost our little playmate, the center of interest shifted, and the annual A. and P. fight impended. We passed the destroyers fueling at Socorro Island and continued North. The scout cruisers were sent out to the west to scout, the destroyers followed them to be ready for a torpedo attack, and the submarines were put on the other side of us to be out of the way. Then, everything being set, war was declared. We could tell because at night we darkened ship. We waited for word of contact from the scouts or the destroyers but none came. Finally, just as the war seemed lost, one of the subs reported that she had run into the middle of the Battle Fleet and sunk a few of their best BB's. The Admirals had quite an argument about that later, but according to the rules all we had to do was to find them. So, thanks to a sub, we were able to chalk one up.

Next day the two fleets joined and we took our proper position—yes, up ahead where we could do a little scouting—not that there was any war on, but just because it was the thing to do. We fooled them, though, by finding a few islands, the Coronados, and just behind them—San Diego. How did we find San Diego? Well, that was a personal matter. Quite a few went ashore from force of habit and quite a few more went ashore to keep from getting seasick—the peaceful and placid Pacific certainly did get all mussed up right there where we anchored.

This is not a description of San Diego. We have no statistics and if we did they'd be out of date by now anyway, for San Diego is a Growing City. Neither are we going to tell tales on any of the ship's company. There are several reasons, chief of which is—"You don't tell on me and I won't tell on you." So all that is possible is a Brief Summary of our week's stay there. Tia Juana

speaks for itself—the later, the louder. Lots of fun, but Oomph, what a funny feeling. Coronado was a little too cool. In August it's hot, but in March it was not. Just then it was a little too cold. Mission Beach will be fine when it's properly developed. We did what we could, but our time was limited, and as a fitting farewell a dance that was given us by the city enabled us at one and the same time to see the really beautiful Exhibition Grounds and the beauties of San Diego—some of whom were beautiful—really!

We almost hated to leave, but it was another California port that we headed for. Now, San Pedro—but we'll let one of our beach hounds speak for himself: "Yeah, we left 'Dago' last night—came through a heavy fog, but we smelt the beach again, so we anchored here in Pedro this morning.

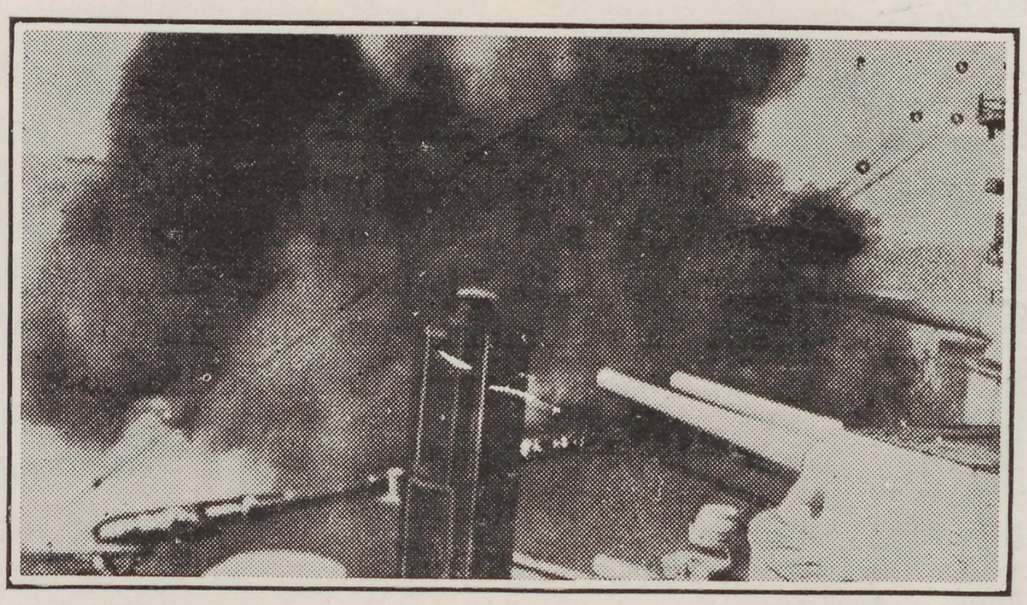
"Now the native sons of Southern California have a habit of giving nicknames to their cities, f'rinstance—Dago is San Diego, Pedro is San Pedro, L. A. is Los Angeles, etc. But take a tip from a guy that knows, don't call San Francisco, 'Frisco. Wait a minute, we're getting off the track—I was going to tell you about Pedro and why we anchored in the foggy harbor.

"Hot dickety dog, dumbell, here goes the works.

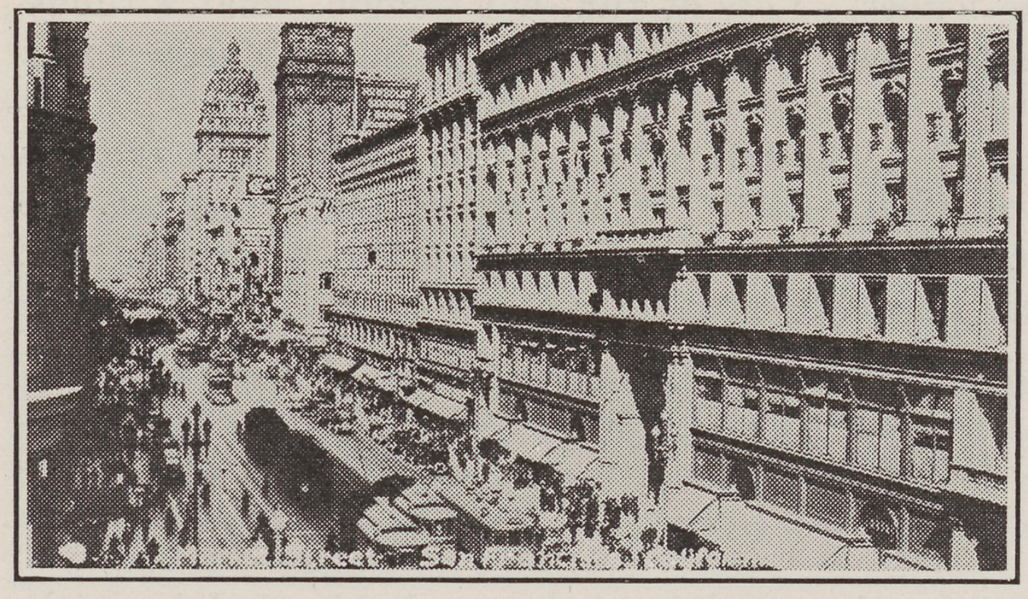
"First of all, the Battle Fleet thought they wanted to show us that we couldn't shoot, couldn't go fast, and couldn't smoke. So one day every ship you see here—all those big ones and the destroyers and planes, started out in formation to fire Force Practice. The Idea was to go by a bunch of rafts and try to shoot a lot of holes in them. They ran out of ships to tow rafts so they just let a few drift around. There were some planes with big sheets flying—if the aviators were lucky we hit the sheets, if they weren't—well we didn't hit either so that's all right. Then a bunch of destroyers came down past the battleships and fired torpedoes— and I guess we showed up the West Coast again, 'cause we never got hit any. Then the fun began. Every blamed gun opened up on the targets— I checked one up for Sherman— he knew his oats— more smoke and more noise.

"A couple of days later we went out all alone, and fired every one of our big guns and most of our baby ones. We had a target miles away and weren't really expected to hit it— just see how close we could come. That day's firing, Long Range Battle Practice, finished our gunnery work for the year. So far, no lives lost — all trains running on schedule time.

"But you know, kid, it was an awful shock to go ashore here in Pedro and have a hand-out such as we got. The newspapers had a big noise about, 'L. A. Battleship Home Again After Four Years' Cruise'



"BIG BOYS" SPEAK



MARKET STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

—meaning the Wyoming. This is the United States, but not home, no ma'am. But say, they sure are thoughtful out here — all those amusements free, car fares reduced, dances, free chow and all. I never came in for anything but the reduced car rate, but everyone didn't go to L. A. Gosh I'm talking that way myself.

"Well, Kate, there's a shore boat—I've got to leave now. What? You going to - - - - ?

"Say, this channel they have to Los Angle-lis from Pedro is some idea, isn't it? I heard that after they dug the ditch, they couldn't get the water to flow in it, so a collection of the natives were sent to San Pedro and told to act natural—and blow. They did and the water flowed. And Hollywood! Say, I went up there with a crowd and saw all the inside of one of the big places. They staged quite a party for us too. Saw them taking pictures and got in one myself. No, I wasn't offered any leading parts—not that I'm not good enough but I couldn't stand covering my face with yellow paint or kissing some bimbo with that stuff on her map. L. A. is a pretty good town all right if it wasn't so far from Pedro (act your age and can that stuff). Just like all the West Coast ports—they order you to Seattle and you go to Bremerton, two hours hours away. Then they tell you to go to Frisco (don't hit me, I'm only 19 and on my second cruise) and you tie up in the Mare Island Navy Yard—check up another two hour ride. Well, it's the same here. I don't like long rides in cars and I usually get sick when I do ride in them—give me a good snappy horse and buggy any day in the week. No, I'll be all right now. It's usually on the way back that I feel bad.

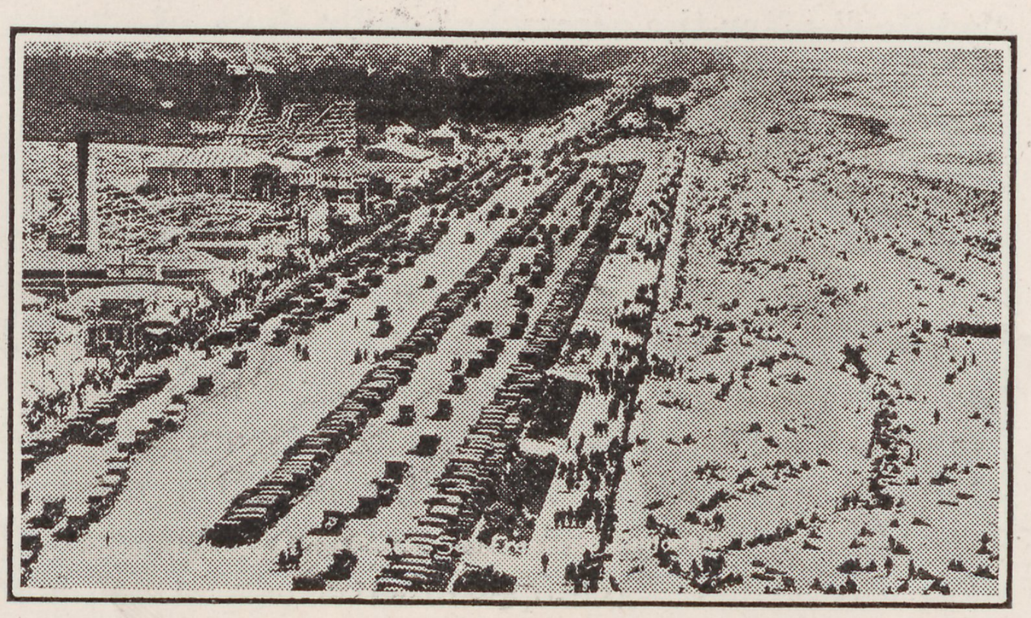
"What? Going to L. A.? Sorry but I'm going to Long Beach—never been there, but I hear it isn't so bad. Well, if you feel that way I guess I'll go to L. A."

After leaving San Pedro, just to show the West Coast that the Wyoming is always ready to give anybody a tow, the engineers hit it up to a little over twenty knots and the next morning, Sunday, April 5, after waiting several hours for the Battle Fleet to catch up with the speed kings of the Atlantic, we steamed through the Golden Gate. The Gate, however, was hidden by the native sons, out in force on every hill and building with handkerchiefs, flags, telescopes, and the native daughters, while a monster electric sign on the Ferry Building blazed a welcome to the Fleet. Monday morning the Navy turned out officially to give San Francisco a look at the devils of the deep, and turned out early too, as it's no small job to line up half as many men as the newspapers said would be there. The city should have opened up a new street or two to make room for the parade to form, but when they did get underway—say, a review of the Allied Armies

alongside our outfit that day would have looked like a Boy Scout patrol. Broadway and 42nd street may seem crowded to some people at 5 p. m., but it's positively lonely compared to Market Street in San Francisco on the morning the Navy did its stuff. The streets were so packed they had to rig life lines along the curb. The windows were overflowing with beautiful bobbed hair, and the balconies bent under the weight of big business men. California learned that "Pershing's Own" didn't have all the he-men in it, and the Navy learned that it is understood and appreciated on the West Coast. When we got to the top of Market Street and turned the corner our own movie man was waiting to crank close-ups of the Wyoming's army, and any man who didn't write somebody to be sure and see that film, just naturally hasn't got a soul. Some of the boys even included money to buy tickets they thought it was going to be so good. After passing in review before the Commander in Chief and the Mayor of San Francisco, the parade headed down another street and back to the dock, everybody tired, but mighty glad he'd scrubbed his white hat and leggins.

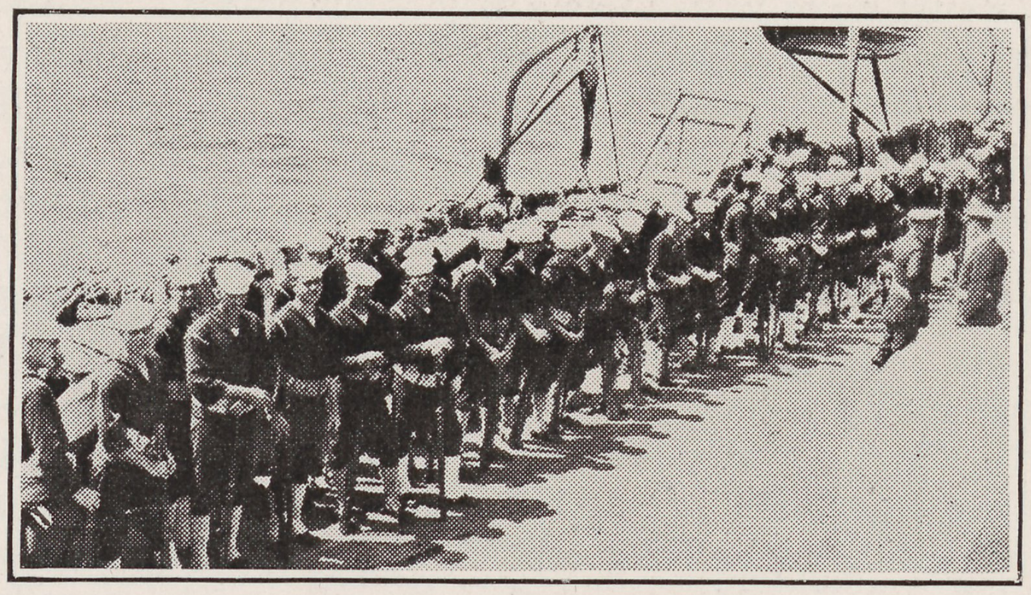
Then began a week of real pleasure. San Francisco is big town stuff but it didn't take long to discover that the Welcome sign meant business. Everybody was anxious to help the Navy have a good time. When we got on the street cars they refused to collect the fare. (New York subways please notice). There were free movies every day, with ushers that must have been selected from the Ziegfield Follies. Hundreds of citizens donated their cars for auto rides every afternoon. All around town. Out through the famous Presidio where they have soldiers and colonels and everything. A stop at the Cliff House long enough to see the seals posing on the rocks. Then along the bathing beaches where they say you can catch most anything if you use the right kind of a line. On through the park which was at its spring-time best, and up to the Twin Peaks for a bird's eye view of the whole city. It lasted all afternoon and nobody that went will forget San Francisco. It may be the eleventh city in size but it's close to the top in the way it treats the Navy.

Oakland, just across the bay, wasn't to be out-done either, and the tired business man seemed to take as great a delight in entertaining sailors as he is ordinarily supposed to experience in the bald headed row. The famous Berkeley Bowl, built in a steep hill side, compared favorably with our quarter deck arena, and we could appreciate the University of California's pride in it. The lake is another unusual attraction right in the center of town. Although called a lake it has a very narrow entrance to the bay outside, so the canoeing, which is a popular pastime, is done on good old deep sea salt water.



SEAL BEACH, SAN FRANCISCO

We of the East Coast couldn't understand why



LANDING PARTY

San Francisco isn't used as a more frequent liberty port for the Navy or even as a permanent base of operations. But it is probably the same reason we operate around Hampton Roads, the Caribbean, and Newport instead of anchoring in the North River every night with four-section liberty. Guantanamo and San Pedro can't be helped, but as long as we have New York and San Francisco, life is worth living, and if we ever make another West Coast cruise let's hope that at least two thirds of it will be within the Golden Gate. Our ten days there went by all too quickly, and so pleasantly that Mike the Messenger almost forgot to renew the allotment. There are ports and ports—but they speak our language in San Francisco.

On the fifteenth of April the Fleet stood out of Golden Gate Harbor and set course for the Hawaiian Islands. This phase of the cruise probably received the most publicity back home, for during this period the much talked of joint Army and Navy war "problem" was conducted. The Fleet represented the attacking "Blue" Force, whose object was the taking of the islands for use as a naval base, while the Army establishment and a few naval units stationed there represented the defending "Black" Force.

The people of San Francisco, who take an honest pride in the Navy, were out by the thousands to see the Fleet depart and well may they have been thrilled for it was an inspiring sight. Shortly after getting outside, the Advance Force, composed of the Light Cruiser divisions, four divisions of Scouting Fleet Destroyers, the airplane carrier "Langley", a submarine detachment and a few vessels of the train, left the Main Body and proceeded on its assigned task, under the command of Admiral McKean, flagship "Wyoming". Pleasant cruising weather was experienced on the ten day run and all hands were glad to shift back into "whites" after the somewhat chilly days of "sunny" California. Regular sea routine prevailed for the first few days out, but as the enemy area was approached, the "war" atmosphere was emphasized by darkening ship and "Condition Two" at night.

From the evening of the twenty-fourth on, events followed one another in rapid succession. Reaching the island of Oahu, the Advance Force rejoined the light cruiser divisions which had been detached a few days previous for scouting purposes, and prepared to establish a base for the "Blue" air force. The attack was begun at five o'clock the following morning off Kaunakakai, a small village on the southern coast of Molokai, and under cover of the ship's guns a landing was effected. In spite of the screening destroyers, an "enemy" submarine scored an early hit on the Wyoming and her speed was reduced to twelve knots by the "casualty," according to the umpires' decision. During the morning, marines, pio-

neers, and plane, radio and signal forces were actually sent ashore in addition to numerous "constructive" units and material. Lieutenant Gregory, flying one of the Wyoming's planes ashore where a quick change was made from pontoons to wheels, scouted over the island and located a suitable field for the "Langley's" planes. The Wyoming's radio detachment followed soon after to rig up and operate the portable field set for communication with the flagship. Having fulfilled his principal mission, Admiral McKean withdrew in the afternoon to proceed with further operations, leaving the airplanes securely based at Molokai.

Steaming to the southward and westward, always on the guard for enemy planes or submarines, the Advance Force appeared off the west coast of the island of Oahu the following afternoon and in spite of rain and fog succeeded in destroying part of the railroad by bombardment. Later on, under cover of darkness, the submarines landed demolition parties who wrecked it at other points. That afternoon the Wyoming was hit by a torpedo a second time and her speed still further reduced to six knots. Early Monday morning a feint attack was launched against the southeast coast between Diamond Head and Koko Head to detract the enemy's attention from the attack and landing of the Expeditionary Force from the Main Body of the "Blues" on the northwest and southwest coasts.

His mission completed, the Admiral was proceeding to the rendezvous, when a radio despatch from the Chief Umpire informed him that "the war was over," and thus ended one of the most comprehensive war games ever held by the United States.

The war being over, we went on in and reached Honolulu about six o'clock the evening of April 27th. Land always looks good after two weeks at sea, but the island of Oahu has some particular attractions of its own.

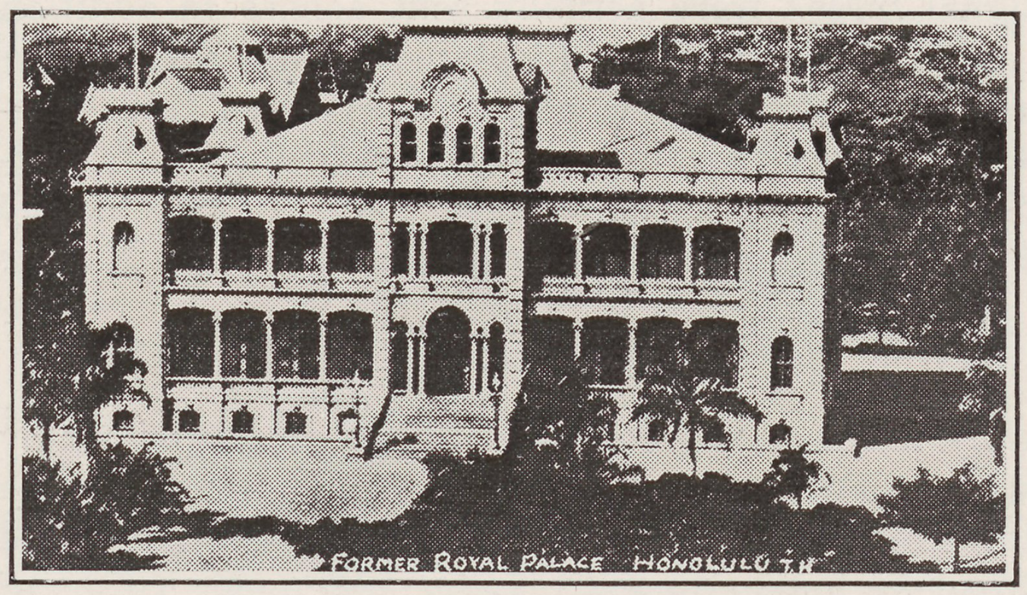
Before we go ashore, it might be well to mention a few facts about Hawaii and Honolulu, partly to refresh our memories, and partly to let the folks at home who read this know that occasionally we do learn something else about a port besides the location of the restaurants and the movies.

Contrary to wide spread opinion, the Hawaiian Islands were not discovered by a group of popular song writers shortly before the War. No, three or four hundred years before Columbus discovered America the South Sea Islanders used to go back and forth from Tahiti to Hawaii—some two thousand miles in canoes, steering by the stars.

The early Spanish voyagers knew of the existence of the Hawaiian Islands, but they kept it to themselves. The real dis-



ARMY and NAVY Y. M. C. A., HONOLULU



KING'S PALACE, HONOLULU

covery was made by Captain James Cook, in command of a British ship, in 1778.

The Hawaiians used to go in for interisland warfare on a large scale and they knew how to fight, but they thought Captain Cook was a God and worshipped him as such. The whole story is most interesting but it is long. The upshot of the matter was that the Hawaiians one day discovered that their God was only a man like themselves, and they killed him.

However, the Islands were from this time on often visited by the ships of white men. There was an old saying in those days, "There's no God west of Cape Horn" and the gift of civilization to the Hawaiians was disease and outrage. Later, missionaries from New England arrived. They educated the natives and assisted the general "clean-up" already begun by the rulers. The missionaries brought a degree of civilization—of western civilization. To-day the Hawaiian race is disappearing.

The history of the Islands is legendary before the coming of the white man. However, one king stands out as their greatest. His name was Kamehameha I (pronounced Kay-may'-hah-may'-hah). He ruled a part of the island of Hawaii. The islands all had their own kings and were separate from each other, much as the different tribes of North American Indians.

The great achievement of Kamehameha I was to subdue all the islands and unite them under his own kingship. Most of this he did in 1795. The kingdom remained a unit until a republic was proclaimed in 1894. Soon after this, on July 7th, 1898, Congress passed a joint resolution annexing the Republic of Hawaii. The Republic accepted the action of Congress, thereby becoming a part of the United States—The Territory of Hawaii—on August 12th, 1898.

But to return to our recent visit. The next day after we anchored was Tuesday and we went on liberty for the first time since leaving San Francisco. Honolulu turned out to be a city of about one hundred thousand people. Something like a new western town except for the variety in Oriental and European faces that you pass on the street. The city is prosperous. Sugar cane, pineapple plantations, and 'round the world tourists see to that. But after all, it isn't the city itself that gave the Hawaiian Islands the name, "Paradise of the Pacific."

The first thing we did was to find out how to get to Waikiki.
"What direction do we go", we asked somebody.
"Waikiki."
"Yeah. What direction do we go?"
"Waikiki."

And then he pointed. We later learned of that foolish custom the inhabitants have of never saying north, south, east, or west. Instead they say "Waikiki", meaning toward Waikiki Beach and Diamond Head; "Ewa", toward the sugar plantation; "Mauka", toward the mountains; and "Makai", toward the sea. Imagine a Hawaiian trying to box the compass! "Mauka-Mauka-Waikiki," or "Makai-Ewa by Makai."

On the way to the famous beach we passed an elaborate looking building which somebody said was the Royal Palace. The only King's Palace in any part of the United States. It is now used as an office building for the Governor and other officials, and is also the meeting place of their Senate and House of Representatives. Across the street is a statue of their great king, Kamehameha I.

You don't have to go very far in Honolulu before you realize that there are as many churches here as there are saloons in Panama. In fact, a good many of the "historic points" in the city are the early churches and missionary residences.

Before we took a swim we went into the fish Aquarium. You wouldn't believe it if we told you, so we'll leave out a description of those fish. They belong to the same part of the animal kingdom as pink elephants and hump-backed, one-eyed oysters.

In all the songs about Waikiki Beach, we never heard any mention made in regard to the bottom, so we were not prepared for the sharp coral that cut designs in the bottom of our feet. There are places where the sand is good, but we didn't find them. What with getting cracked over the head four or five times with our surf board and skidding on coral, we decided that those song writers were just out to make money for themselves.

That was the first day. Later on somebody pointed out a better place to swim, but it is still a mystery how those natives come speeding into the beach standing upright on a surfboard. It's a great sport, but it has to be learned.

One more thing we ought to mention. That is the Bishop Museum. It is recognized as one of the world's greatest museums, and has some of the most famous relics in existence of the South Sea Islands.

The Army and Navy Y.M.C.A. was probably the most popular "hangout" in Honolulu. They are used to service men, having a large part of the U. S. Army to entertain all year around, and they extended their hospitality to us. It was a good base from which to operate.

A trip around the Island can be taken in a few hours by automobile and is well worth while. The one thing about that trip that will never be forgotten is the Pali. A sudden turn in the road, and you are looking out over the whole windward side of the island—a vast expanse of color far below. Here Kamehameha drove the Army of Oahu over the precipice, a sheer twelve hundred foot drop. A violent wind blows up here and has been the cause of more than one person toppling over the side.

We really shouldn't forget the "liquid sunshine", before we shove off for Maui. This particular variety of sunshine looks like rain, feels like rain, and is



AFTERNOON WORKOUT

rain. It is fine and misty, and dries almost as soon as it falls, unlike the heavy torrents that come down in Panama.

Rain is the only legal moisture in Honolulu, in spite of their famous Punch Bowl, the 18th Amendment having completely and entirely rid the island of a once popular beverage called okolehau. People who drank it found themselves in much the same condition as those ancient mariners, now forgotten, who used to imbibe Virginia corn. One of the draw backs to "OK" is that it often causes a mild case of stone-blindness.

That week in Honolulu was a welcome change and an interesting one. And Honolulu is a beautiful place. We admitted freely upon leaving that the people who get enthusiastic about the beautiful mountains, palm trees, flowers, and moon-lit surf of Hawaii, really have something to get enthusiastic about.

Maui, the scene of the combined Fleet maneuvers that followed, lies some seventy-five miles to the south east of Honolulu. With an anchorage at Lahaina large enough for the entire Fleet, and a position out of the usual paths of vessels, Maui was suited for the purpose of carrying out drills and maneuvers. And we certainly had drills and maneuvers. Morning, noon and night. General quarters, launching and repelling torpedo attacks, battles, everything to bring the Fleet up to the maximum battle efficiency.

But we hit the beach once in a while and did a little sight seeing. At Mala dock, a whale of a concrete landing, we fought off five or six taxi drivers and made a bathing beach our first stop. That meant a convenient bush anywhere along the road, for we weren't proud, and the people minus in quantity.

A swim there is the next best thing this side of Coney Island. All that it lacked was a few bathing beauties to adorn the scenery. Then off for the sights.

The way leads first to the village of Lahaina, along a palm-tree shaded road lined by sugar cane fields and tropical flowers—and pineapple-juice booths. Lahaina, a rather prosaic looking village inhabited mostly by Japanese, has a romantic history dating back to the days of the old whaling fleet for which it formed a rendezvous. In those days it was the wildest port west of Cape Horn. Its reputation is now only maintained by those Hollywood Radio Girls and that Hula Hula Girl outfit.

After leaving Lahaina, a car took us to Wailuku, on the other side of the island. A wonderful trip, the road skirting the ocean along the top of the cliffs at the base of Puu Kukui. It looked so much like the Storm King Highway we got homesick. That driver certainly gave us a thrill the way he took the curves. We arrived at Wailuku safely, but badly in need of a nerve tonic.

Wailuku was a mighty nice place—best ice cream this side of 'Frisco—San Francisco. Pardon us, people. But our main interest lay in the Iao Valley a few miles from there. This is an immense gorge, with precipitous walls rising at its narrow entrance. Awe-inspiring, with its view of Puu Kukui towering six thousand feet above. Some people have called this valley the Yosemite of Hawaii. It was here that Kamehameha I established his reputation by killing so many of his enemies that he dammed up the river.

The thing that the tourists go to Maui for is to see Haleakala, "The House Built by the Sun". It is the largest extinct crater in the world and is a part of the Hawaiian National Park. It was a familiar landmark as we cruised around Maui, for it is ten thousand feet high, the most prominent mountain on the island.

Before we left Maui, we had one big thrill. We saw the best and gamest race boat crew that ever represented the Wyoming get beaten by the Mississippi by half a boat length. But we beat the California and "won though we lost." Solve that one. Then off for Honolulu and the first stage home.

On the 29th of May the Wyoming anchored at Honolulu once more. After our three weeks at Lahaina, and the maneuvers, Honolulu seemed like New York City. The island of Oahu may not have the beautiful scenery and the bright colors of Maui, but it has other things that Maui hasn't. There is a limit to the length of time that even a poet can sit in one spot and gaze with rapture at a mountain.

Getting back to Honolulu was the beginning of the end, also. All hands suddenly remembered that they hadn't bought those little presents for the folks back home, and the curio dealers began to unload.

Buying souvenirs in Honolulu is easier than it is in Panama. Now down there when you want to buy something you have to go through with a little act like this:

"How much do you want for this one?"

"Twenty dollar gold".

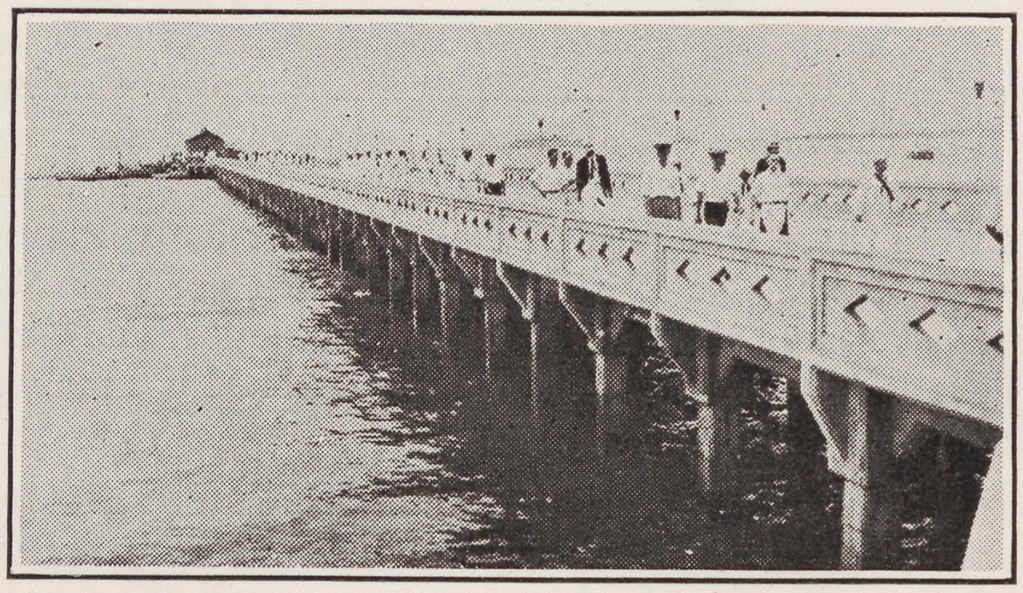
"Naw, you got me wrong. I don't want seven of them. Only one. How much for just this one?"

"Twenty dollar."

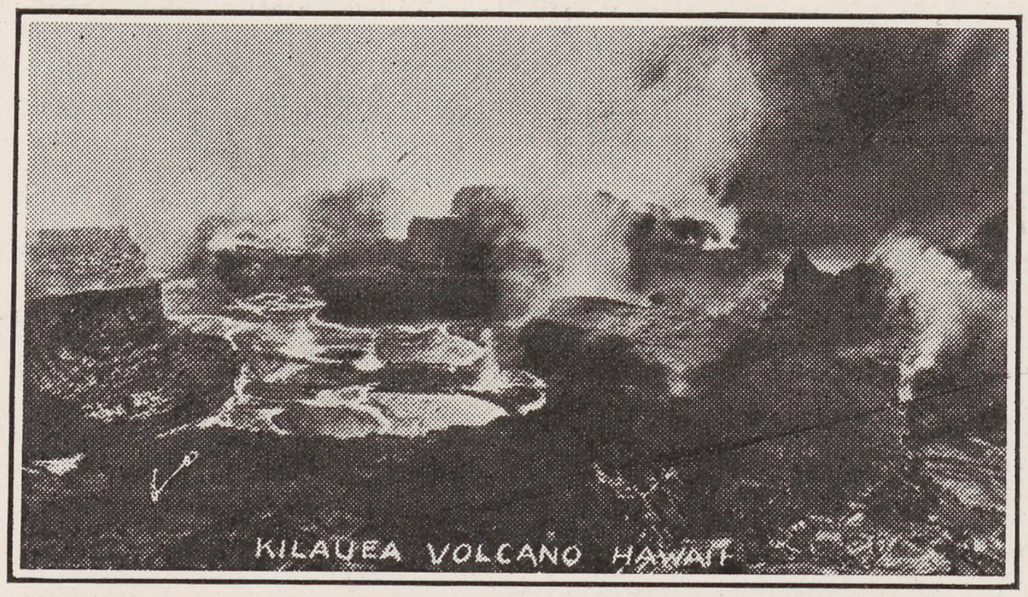
"All right, I'll give you five."

"You joke! How much you give? Eighteen dollar. Final price."

"Say, what are you, a charity worker? When I get ready to give eighteen dollars, I'll donate it to the starving Armenians. I'll pay you five dollars cash."



LANDING PIER, LAHAINA, T. H.



KILAUEA VOLCANO, HAWAII

"You no want to buy, I no sell.—Wait! Come back. I give it to you. Fifteen dollar. It cost me more."

"Fifteen? Nope. But if you really want to sell it, I'll make you a present of seven dollars."

"I flip a coin. Heads you give me twenty. Tails you give me ten."

"Thanks, but I'm a Presbyterian and I don't gamble. Now listen here. I put in a cruise over in China and I know what that cost you. If I give you two dollars you're making money. So long."

"Come back. Here! I wrap it up. Ten dollar!"

"Ten? Good. I'll take it. Give it here. Thanks. Here's your nine dollars. Don't spend it foolishly. Good bye, John."

No, buying souvenirs in Honolulu is easier than that. All you have to do is ask how much it is.

"Twenty dollar."

And you takes it or leaves it. No come back. The answer is: Buy grass skirts and ukuleles, and get your oriental stuff in Panama. Or better yet, put in for the China Station!

However, we can't leave the subject of Honolulu in such a commercial frame of mind. The Hawaiian Islands are everything that is claimed for them. Travel is often disillusioning, but Honolulu lives up to its reputation. It has neither the cold of the North nor the heat of the South. Beauty it certainly has, with its mountains and its clouds, its valleys and its flowers, its surf and its moonlight.

We left Honolulu on the 8th of June, the band playing "Aloha Oe" and "The Sidewalks of New York," and as we passed Diamond Head for the last time, we knew that we had said goodbye to a good port.

The next morning we found ourselves anchored—that is, all of us except the Foist Division's Wild Cat Shepherds, who did the dirty work—in Hilo. This city, on the east coast of Hawaii, is the second largest in the Islands. All hands had an opportunity to go ashore and visit the famous volcano during the time we were there. Kilauea is the largest active volcano in the world, and is a part of the Hawaii National Park. The rest of this National Park consists of the active volcano Mauna Loa, beyond Kilauea, and the extinct crater of Haleakala, on the island of Maui. Mauna Loa is hard to reach, so that Kilauea, being larger anyway, is the most visited.

The trip was made from Hilo in cars, about a thirty-five mile ride. The principal thing we noticed on the way was the tree ferns, thirty or forty feet high with branches twenty five feet long. Regular ferns on a large scale.

When we reached Kilauea we got out and walked. Those who expected to see a conical mountain shooting ashes were disappointed. The crater is about two or three miles across and lies below you like a big black lake. The black stuff is cooled lava. The thing that people travel half way around the world to see is a pit over toward one side of the crater. This pit is called "Halemaumau" and is supposed to mean "The House of Everlasting Fire". Until last year it was full of red hot molten rock that boiled and spurted like an enormous fire foutain, but it was inactive when we saw it. Just a big caldron in the ground with steam floating out of it. A year ago last May it exploded for the first time since 1790, when it wiped out an army that was fighting Kamehameha I. The explosion of last year caused the sides of the pit to cave in, so that now Halemaumau is about three thousand feet across and thirteen hundred and fifty feet deep. In spite of careful study by scientists it is impossible to predict when the volcano will become active again. Personally, we hung around an extra fifteen minutes hoping that something would happen, but nothing did, so we walked over and bought a hot dog cooked over volcano steam and called it a day. We also walked through a lava tube on the way back—a big black tunnel that made us homesick for the Times Square Shuttle.

We left Hilo at zero zero zero zero June 11th, headed for San Diego, California. After four days in our old stamping grounds we got under way for Panama—but not before we received that despatch about going to Newport for the summer. We know it's probably unreasonable on our part, but some way or other, we always liked New York.

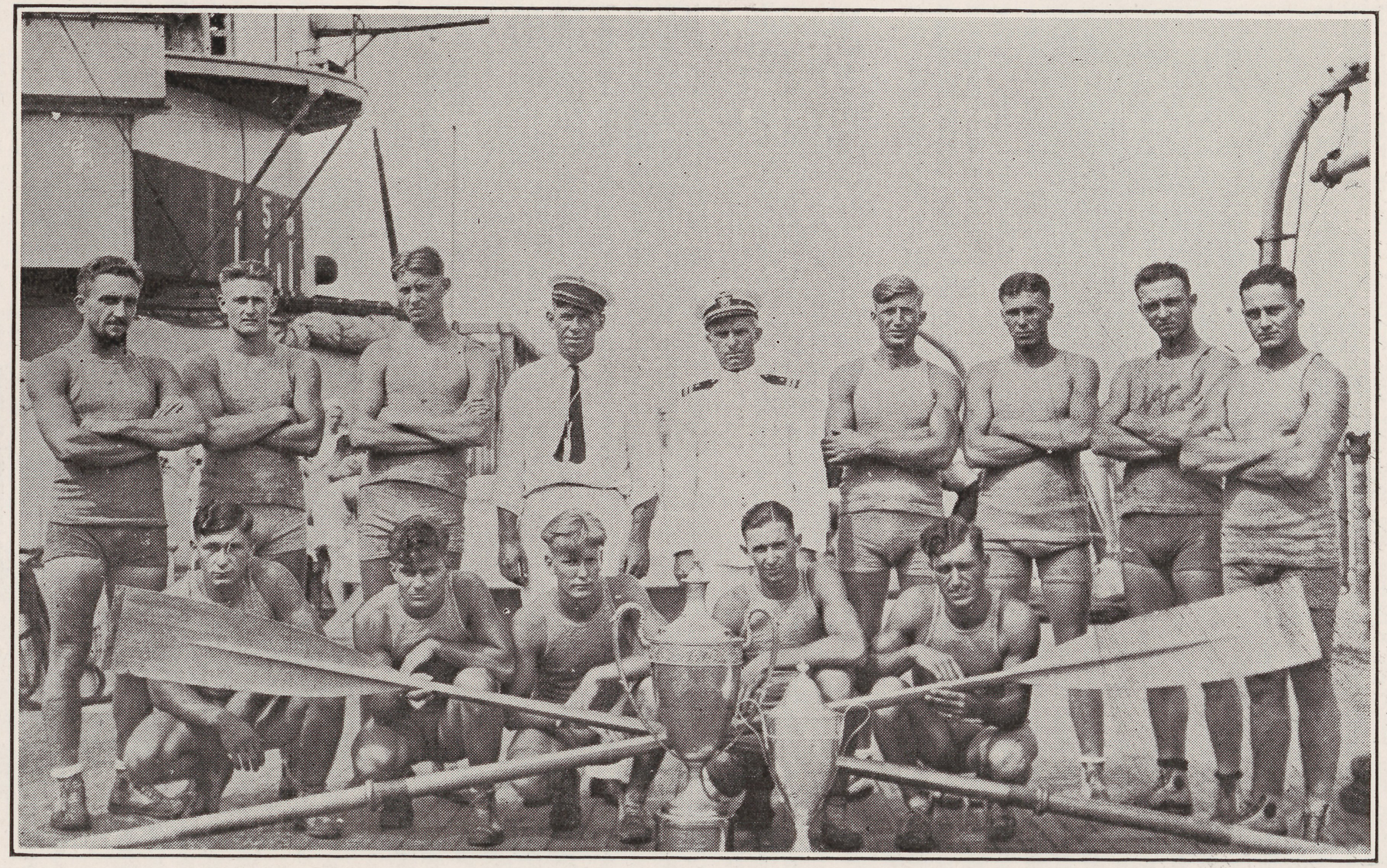
The blues we wore in San Diego were soon changed to whites and not long after that, the fire rooms began to get warm. Six or seven passed out on a watch may not mean anything to you but it means a lot to us. We were glad to reach Panama again. In fact, we can't recall ever reaching Panama without being glad!

We won't describe our return to New York. You wouldn't understand it unless you have been away on a six months' cruise, and if you have, no description is either necessary or good enough. We'll just let it go at this:

We've been lots of places all over the world, but we've never seen anything that can compare in beauty to that Statue on Bedloe's Island, standing out against the mighty sky line of our home port—NEW YORK.



HILO HARBOR, HAWAII



RACE BOAT CREW

Standing l. to r. Stoeckel, Goolsby, Dunaj, Nichols, cox., Lieut. Newell, Strange, Ormsby, Blodgett, Sherlock.
Sitting l. to r. Pensnick, Nezzelkowski, Uppenkamp, Marvel, Bishop.

History of Raceboat Crew

Our first race of the year took place early in February between the TEXAS, NEW YORK, ARKANSAS and WYOMING for the Atlantic Challenge Cup.

The Scouting Fleet sailed for Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, about 2 January but unfortunately the WYOMING was held up at the navy yard and did not arrive in Cuba until about 5 February. This delay gave the other battleships about five weeks training on us.

On our arrival at Guantanamo Bay we were tossed, but could not accept the challenge since our crew was not in condition. The WYOMING received orders to turn over the Atlantic Challenge Cup so that the other ships could race for it and it was this order that caused our crew to show their colors. Their answer was "the only way you can get the cup is to beat us."

The race was pulled within seven days - seven days to get in condition for a three mile race; unheard of even in the days of the so called "Iron Men."

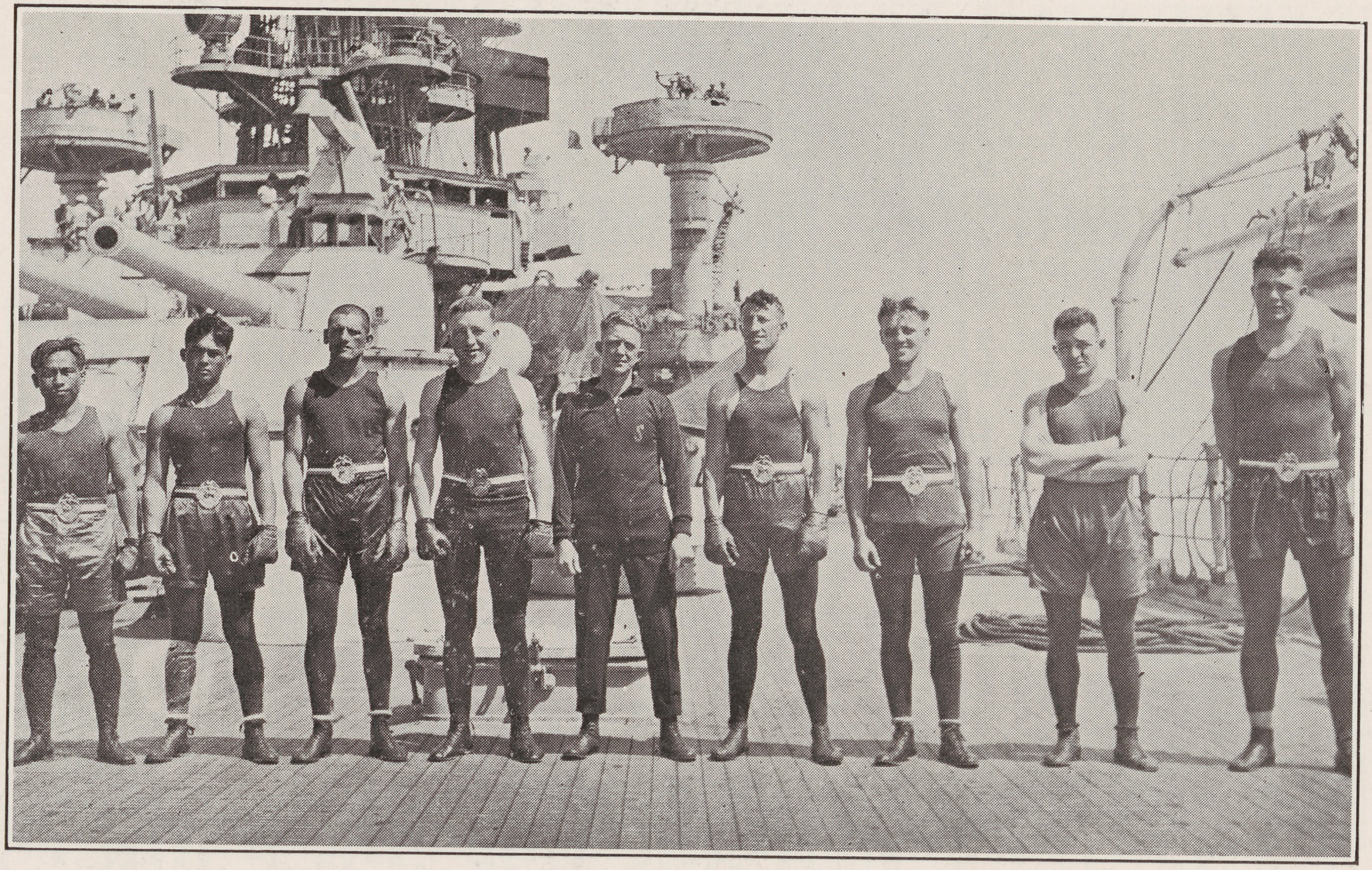
The morning of the race arrived, the boats pulled up to the starting line, bands were playing. The TEXAS was the favorite, NEW YORK the second best bet, WYOMING a sure loser.

The first mile our crew left the ARKANSAS behind. The second mile our crew overhauled the favorite "TEXAS" and as our crew passed them, they seemed dead in the water. The NEW YORK at this period of the race was about three boat lengths ahead of us. At the two and one half mile mark our crew closed to one boatlength behind the leader. The NEW YORK spurted, but couldn't gain. About one hundred yards from the finish line the WYOMING crew had closed on the leader and both crews spurted, but the spurt had come too late. The NEW YORK crossed the line first and we followed three quarters of a boatlength behind.

A week before the Battle Fleet—Scouting Fleet race, the Battle Fleet held eliminations amongst themselves—the three winning crews to race the WYOMING. The Mississippi was first, CALIFORNIA second, Idaho third. The great race for the All Navy Cup took place at Lahania Roads, T. H., on 23 May. The Scouting Fleets Colors being carried by the old WYOMING. The MISSISSIPPI was the favorite and the CALIFORNIA the second best bet.

At the crack of the starter's gun, the MISSISSIPPI boat shot a boat length ahead of all hands. At the end of the first mile the MISSISSIPPI'S crew were leading by a boatlength, the WYOMING and CALIFORNIA neck to neck, while our old friend the IDAHO was five boatlength's astern. The second mile was nothing but a series of heartbreaking spurts between the MISSISSIPPI and WYOMING. First our crew would forge a little ahead, then the MISSISSIPPI would take the lead—Gosh! what a race. At about the two and a half mark a Jap fishing smack, flying an ensign, was mistaken by Nichols for the finishing stake boat, and about two hundred yards from the Jap smack he commenced to spurt. He shot ahead of the MISSISSIPPI about one half a boatlength, and crossed the Jap smack before he realized his mistake. The crew thought it was the finish till Nichols stated "one half mile to go." What effect this had on the crew we don't know, but one thing we do know that they didn't lose their grit, they pulled with the same old spirit, the spirit they showed at Guantanamo cropped out again and they finished one half a boatlength behind the MISSISSIPPI, five boatlengths ahead of the CALIFORNIA, while our old friend the IDAHO was lost astern in the mist.

The officers and crew sent this signal to our 1925 raceboat crew: "WELL DONE, RACEBOAT CREW, WELL DONE."



SCOUTING FLEET CHAMPIONS (Boxers)

Reading from Left to Right—Grande, Bautista, Constantine, Lally, Murphy-coach, Ryan, Slivinske, Augustine, Sigman.

History of Boxers

FRANCISCO GRANDE, (Flyweight Class)

Born at San Narcisco, Zambales, P. I. Enlisted at Olongapo, P. I., on February 8, 1919. Lost All-Navy Belt by decision in seven rounds.

FRANCISCO BAUTISTA, (Bantamweight Class)

Born at Cavite, P. I., April 30, 1905. Won All-Navy Belt by forfeit.

FRANK CONSTANTINE, (Featherweight Class)

Born at Lafayette, La., June 19, 1901. Won All-Navy Belt by decision in six rounds. Also held All-Navy Belt in 1920-21-22.

JOSEPH LALLY, (Middleweight Class)

Born at Bloomfield, N. J. February 2, 1899. Won All-Navy Belt, by defeating Jack Perry after a hurricane fight of seven rounds.

JIMMIE RYAN, (Lightweight Class)

Born at Waterford, Ireland, November 18, 1899. Lost All-Navy Belt to Ritchie King by knockout in six rounds after best All-Navy bout ever shown. Holds trophy for best exhibition during Scouting Fleet Eliminations.

JOE SLIVINSKE, (Welterweight Class)

Born at Wilkesbarre, Pa., October 4, 1904. Won All-Navy welterweight bout by as close a win as could be had without a knockout. Decision awarded to his opponent by referee. Slivinske was awarded the bout by all newspapers.

FRANK AUGUSTINE, (Light Heavyweight Class)

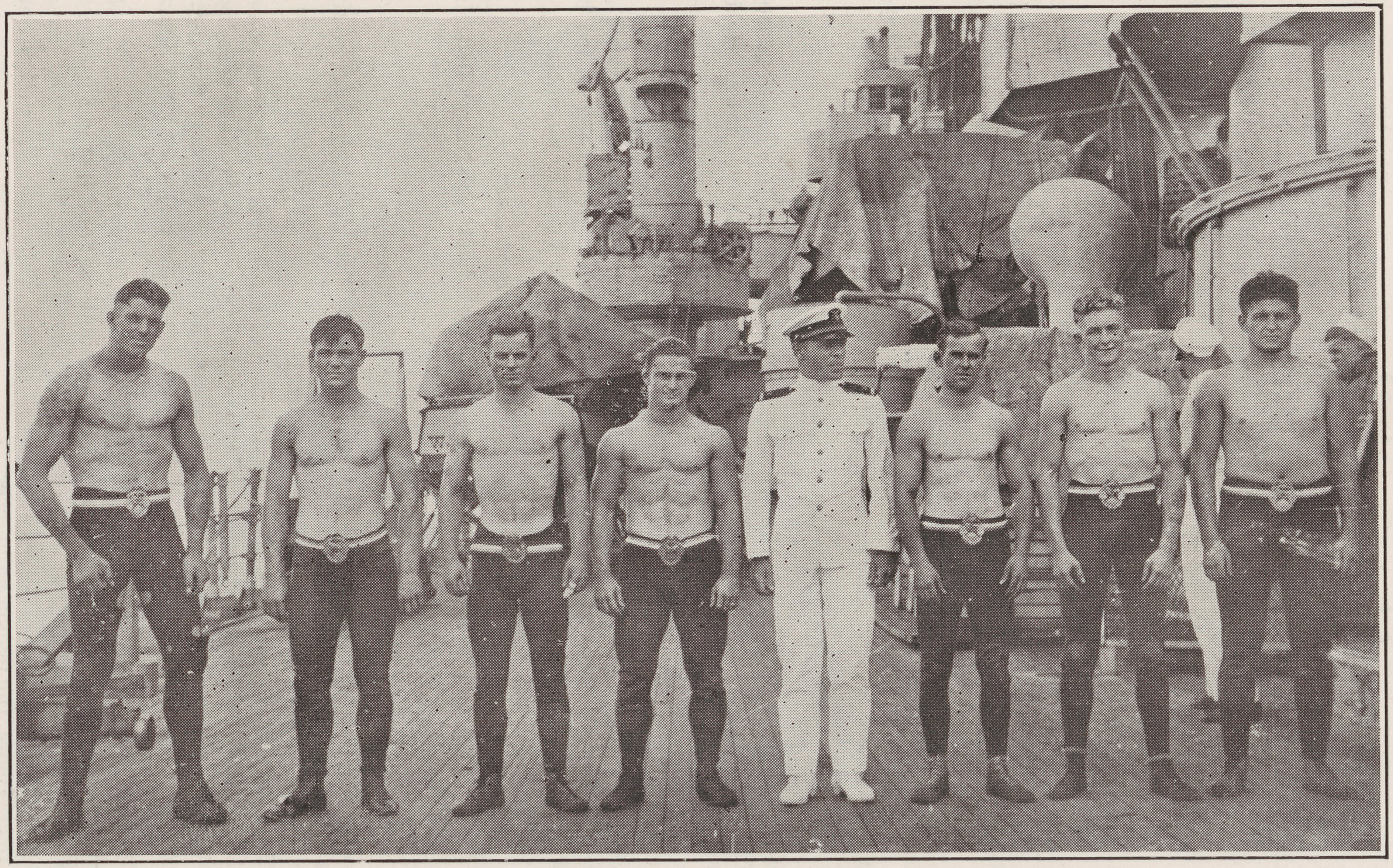
Born at Washington, D. C., December 4, 1903. Lost All-Navy Belt in seven rounds.

JAMES SIGMAN, (Heavyweight Class)

Born at Cleveland, N. C., February 14, 1902. Won All-Navy Belt in six rounds by decision.

In addition to the above the following men of the Wyoming deserve honor places: Mickey Flahive the coming welterweight champion of the Navy who lost to Ryan in the eliminations; and Scotty Horsburg the coming All-Navy flyweight champion who lost to Grande by the closest decision in the Scouting Fleet finals.

Rubber Nose Miller, flyweight, J. Burruss, light heavyweight and T. N. Termine, middleweight, who took part in the eliminations; and last but not least Bob Grant holder of eleven Navy Boxing Belts, Lew Fischer the old war horse who is a likely looking lightweight, M. F. Herrity and Tim Mulloy, trainers and Teddy Bear Young, the demon announcer.



SCOUTING FLEET CHAMPIONS (Wrestlers)

Reading from Left to Right—Bower, McCarty, Cox, Michael, Ensign Robbins-coach, Martinsen, Mentelson, Campbell.

History of Wrestlers

A. W. BOWER, (Heavyweight Cass)

Bower our heavyweight wrestler hails from Iowa. He climbed the hard ladder in the Scouting Fleet 1924 eliminations and won the Scouting Fleet Heavyweight Belt. In the Fleet finals he was more aggressive than his opponent who outweighed him thirty five pounds. He wants to beat his man thoroughly, fair and square, and being the kind who is not satisfied with holding top time was really beaten by his own aggressiveness.

W. McCARTY, (Middleweight Class)

A full of fight, fast boy and holder of the Middleweight Belt in the Scouting Fleet. McCarty came to us from the Texas and no truer sportsmanship can be found than that shown by him throughout his training. He lost his final bout after a hard fight but he'll show the battle fleet some new things next year and we are all behind him.

M. R. COX, (Featherweight Class)

Cox of the U. S. S. New York and a pupil of Ensign Lewis is holder of the Scouting Fleet Featherweight Belt 1924. The year previous he took the Battle Fleet Belt by defeating Phifer of the U. S. S. California.

E. R. MICHAEL, (Welterweight Class)

Mike is probably the best Navy wrestler in his weight that the Navy ever had. He now holds the Welterweight Scouting Fleet Championship and it was only by a bad break that he is not the present All-Navy Champion. Michael had all the top time and in trying to throw his man with a scissors let his shouders touch the mat. We all know Mike deserves that Fleet Belt.

L. MARTINSEN, (Featherweight Class)

Martinsen, one of the U. S. S. Wyoming's fastest wrestlers, wrestled but little in 1923 due to a broken arm. In 1924 he went into the Featherweight Class, was beaten and went into the Bantamweight. Martinsen rose to fame rapidly and ended the year holding the Scouting Fleet Belt which he won from Millican a fast and game little wrestler from the U. S. S. New York.

W. E. MENTELSON, (Lightweight Class)

"Menty" came from the U. S. S. Texas as a belt holder in the Welterweight class. Before time to defend this belt he went into his natural weight the Light weight and proved his worth by going right through everything and after the big fray stood forth with the good old All-Navy Championship to his credit. Anyone who saw that last bout will agree that "Menti" is the gamest of sportsmen, for after the bell that ended the bout of which he was victor he fell back exhausted from guelling work in the hot sun and had to be carried to the dressing rooms. He's a real champion and well deserves the name.

H. S. CAMPBELL, (Light Heavyweight Class)

Campbell is from the U. S. S. New York and has a fine wrestling record behind him. He held the Pacific Fleet Belt in 1923, and in 1924 he won the Light Heavy weight Belt by defeating Brewster of the Arkansas. Campbell is a pupil of Ensign Lewis and uses a great variety of good attacks and counters. He has the stuff to make a real champ.



BASEBALL TEAM

Left to right, Standing: Prinzi—p, Pike—1b, Kelley—ss, Lt. Porter—Baseball Officer. Martin—rf, Hopkins—cf, Craig—lf (Captain) Host—c (Manager).
Sitting: Stricher—2b, Howerton—3b.

Schedule 1925

Date	Place		Score		
3 January	Guantanamo	Vestal	19	WYOMING	2
20 February	Panama	WYOMING	5	Savannah	0
15 March	San Diego	WYOMING	2	S. D. Marines	0
16 March	San Diego	Detroit	7	WYOMING	5
20 March	San Pedro	WYOMING	6	Maryland	4
15 May	Lahaina	WYOMING	3	Parrott	1
4 July	Panama	Fort Clayton	3	WYOMING	2
5 July	Panama	38th Dest. Div.	2	WYOMING	0

The baseball team probably had less opportunity to practice than any other athletic aggregation aboard ship this cruise. In fact the above list of games represents most of the practice that they were able to find time for. In spite of this the team came through and chalked up victories over the Savannah, the San Diego Marines, the Maryland, and the Parrott.

The boys who play baseball are not under the watchful eye of all hands the way our boxers and wrestlers are every day aboard ship and consequently they do not come in for quite the same amount of interest and encouragement. Nevertheless, they proved this season that the baseball team has the old WYOMING fight and spirit, and we are proud of the way they represented us.



LAFFS

As Seen by "The Fighting Top"

"Bang!" went the rifles at the maneuvers.

"Oo-oo!" screamed the pretty girl, a nice decorous surprised little scream. She stepped backward into the arms of a Gob.

"Oh!" said she blushing. "I was frightened by the rifles. I beg your pardon."

"Not at all," said the Gob. "Let's go over and watch the artillery."

Theda: "Oh! the American sailors are a queer lot. Last night in the dark I met one and he took me in his arms and hugged me for an hour."

Bara: "What did you say?"

Theda: "I didn't say anything. I do not know a word of English."

Chief: "How do you spell Honolulu?"

Miss: "H-o-n-o-l-u-l-u."

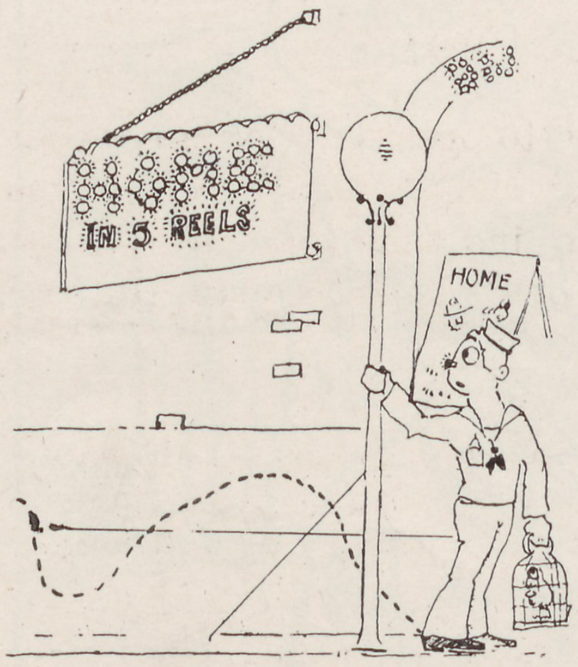
Chief: "I thought there was an "Y" in it."

Miss: "Your thinking of New York."



ONLY A DREAM

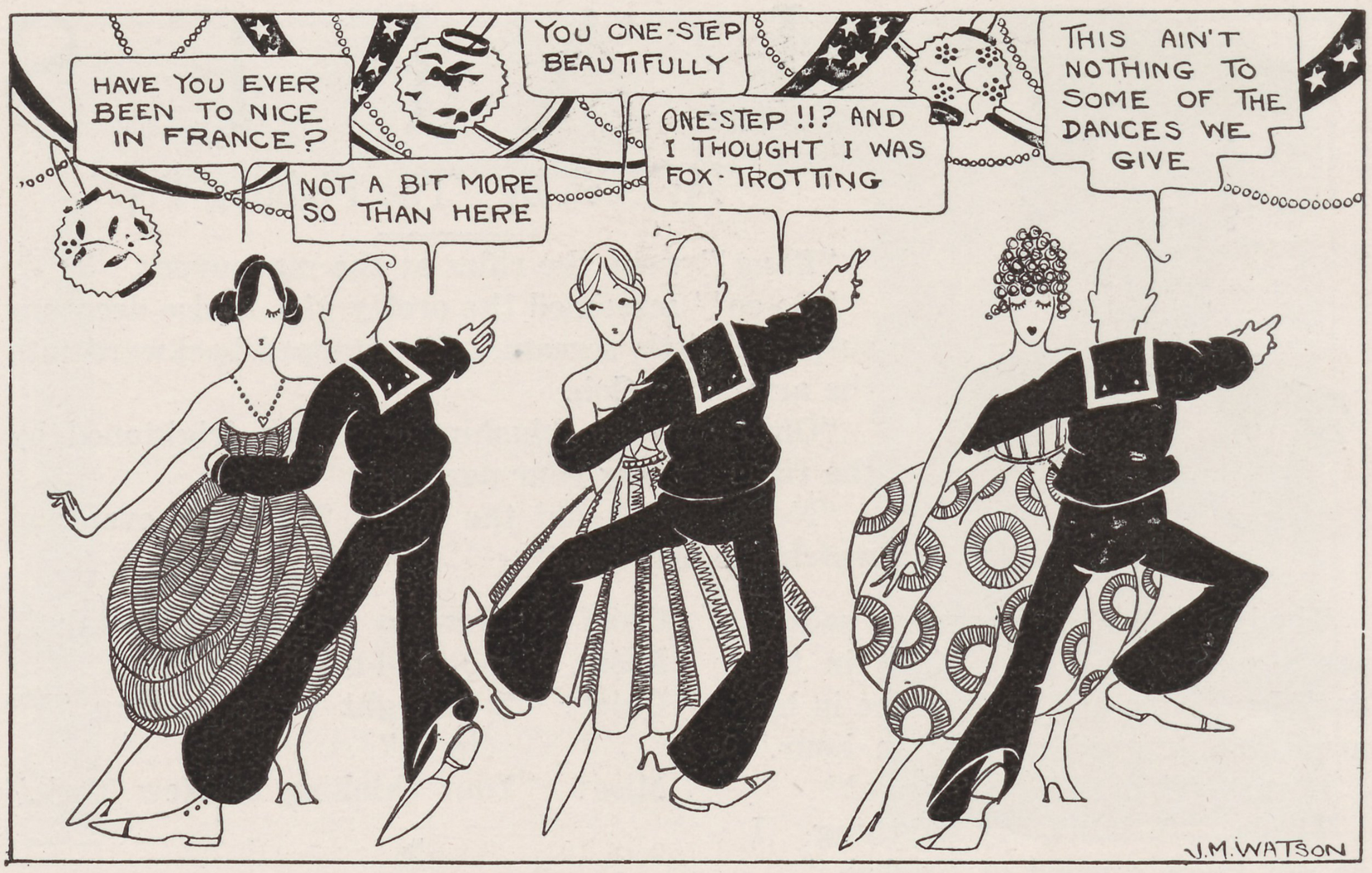
The sea planes were all painted silver,
And the ladders had no screens,
All the bright work was black from the stern
to the stacks,
And there was no work to be done it seemed.
The Scuttlebutt was full of green river,
How real and how true it did seem,
We could hear Young saying;
Stop work and start playing;
It was only the 6th Division Dream.



NAVY MEETS EMERGENCIES

A Gob while on liberty in Panama during the Fleet's visit there happened to pass an Army Colonel on the street without rendering the customary salute. The Colonel resenting this neglect of military courtesy hailed the Gob and admonished him for being lax as to his military duties. The Gob replied, "Pardon me Sir," but you look so young I mistook you for a Boy Scout." "Carry on, young man," replied the Colonel. "To err is human."

Petting may be wrong, but kissing is just the language of love and some of the boys speak seven languages.



HOME SWEET HOME—SAINT NICK'S AND A BUTT

MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY

Patrol Officer:—"What were you doing chasing those bathing girls at Waikiki Beach?"

Gob:—"Sir, I was merely enjoying the privileges granted me by the Constitution: life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

IGNORANCE IS BLISS

An officer was showing an old lady over the ship. "This" said he, pointing to an inscribed plate on the deck, "Is where our gallant captain fell."

"No wonder", replied the old lady, "I nearly slipped on it myself."

ALAS!

"Their meeting it was sudden,
Their parting it was sad;
She gave her young life meekly,
The only one she had.
She's sleeping 'neath the willows,
And she's resting peacefully now;
But that's what always happens,
When a freight train meets a cow."

1st Rooter:—"How's to bring the band out to the ball game, Fleet Bandmaster?"

"Duke":—"I'll Speak to Grosso."

Grosso:—"For how mucha you giva? Ze greata abanda giva mucha de freea."

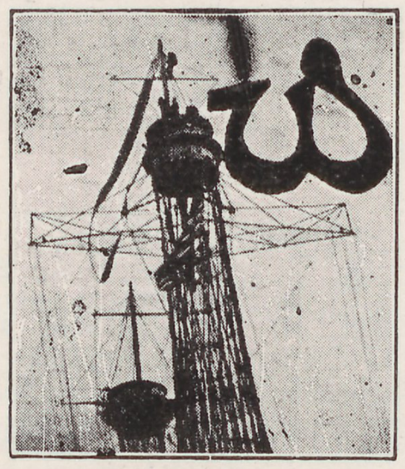
1st Rooter:—"How will a keg of beer do?"

"Duke" and Grosso in chorus:—"We coma quicka."



Cruise Poetry

"FIGHTING



TOP"

THE ROOKIE'S PRAYER

Now I lay me down to sleep,
    I pray the Lord my gear to keep,
Grant no other sailor'll take,
    Socks or shoes before I wake.

Lord please guard me in my slumber,
    Keep this hammock on its number,
Grant no clews or lashings break
    And let me down before I wake.

Keep me safely in Thy sight,
    Grant no fire drills at night,
And in the morning let me wake
    Breathing scents of sirloin steak.

God protect me in my dreams,
    And make this better than it seems,
Grant the time may swiftly fly
    When myself shall rest on high.

In a snowy feather bed,
    Where I long to lay my head,
Far away from all these scenes,
    From the smell of half baked beans.

Take me back unto the land,
    Where they don't scrub with sand,
Where no demon typhoon blows;
    Where the women wash the clothes.

God thou knowest all my woes,
    Feed me in my dying throes;
Take me back, I'll promise then,
    Never to leave home again.

TALE OF THE KENNEBEC MARINER

By—Holman F. Day



Guess I've never told you, sonny of the strandin' an the wreck
Of the steamboat Ezry Johnson that run up the Kennebec.
That was 'fore the time of steam-cars, and the Johnson filled the bill
On the route between Augusty and the town of Waterville.

She was built old-fashioned model, with a bottom's flat's your palm,
With a paddle-wheel behind her, druv' by one great churnin' arm.
Couldn't say that she was speedy—sploshed along and made a touse,
But she couldn't go much faster than a man could tow a house.

Still, she skipped and skived tremendous, dodged the rocks and skun the shoals,
In a way the boats of these days couldn't do to save their souls.
Didn't draw no 'mount of water, went on top instead of through.
This is how there come to happen what I'm going to tell to you.

—Hain't no need to keep you guessing, for I know you won't suspect
How that thunderin' old Ez Johnson ever happened to get wrecked.
She was overdue one ev'nin', fog come down most awful thick;
'Twas about like navigating round inside a feather tick.

Proper caper was to anchor, but she seemed to run all right,
And we humped her—though 'twas resky—kep kersloshing thru the night
Things went on all right till morning, but along 'bout half-past three
Ship went dizzy, blind and crazy—waves seemed wust I ever see.

Up she went and down she scuttered; sometimes seemed to stand on end.
Then she'd wallopse, sideways, crossways, in a way, by gosh, to send
Shivers down your spine. She'd teeter, fetch a spring, and take a bounce,
Then squat down, sir, on her haunches with a most je-roosly jounce.

Folks got up and run a-screaming, forced the wheelhouse, grabbed at me,
—Thought we'd missed Augusty landin' and had gone plum out to sea.
—Fairly shot me full of questions, but I said 'twas jest a blow.
Still, that didn't seem to soothe 'em, for there warn't no wind you know!

Yas, sir, spite of all that churnin', warn't a whisper of a breeze
—No excuse for all that upset and those strange and dretful seas.
Couldn't spy a thing around us—every way 'twas pitchy black;
And I couldn't seem to comfort them poor critters on my back.

Couldn't give 'em information, for 'twas dark's a cellar shelf;
—Couldn't tell 'em nothing 'bout it—for I didn't know myself.
So I gripped the Johnson's tiller, kept the rudder riggin' taut,
Kept a-praying, chawed tobacker, give her steam, and let her swat.

Now, my friend, jest listen stiddy; when the sun come out at four
We warn't tossin' in the breakers off no stern and rock-bound shore;
But I'd missed the gol-durned river, and I swow this 'ere is true,
I had sailed eight miles 'cross country in a heavy Autumn dew.

There I was clear up in Sidney, and the tossings and the rolls
Simply happened 'cause we tackled sev'ral miles of cradle knolls.
Sun come out and dried the dew up; there she was a stranded wreck,
And they soaked me eighteen dollars' cartage to the Kennebec.

The U. S. S. Wyoming

Words and Music by
Ensign A. R. Mc CRACKEN U.S.N.

This Na - vy owns a lot of war - - ships,

It has a lot of men that love the Na - vy blue,

But if they'd let me do the choos - - ing,

Copyright MCMXXIV by Alan Reed Mc Cracken U.S.S.Wyoming

Lis - ten, boys, I'll tell you what I'd do:

CHORUS

To the Wy - om - ing I'm go - ing there's no place else for

me, I've said good-bye for ev - er to the shore.

Her teams are bound to win, They fight thru thick and

thin, And ev - 'ry gun is out to wear an "E" I said Wy -

-om - ing, Wy - om - ing, They can't hold me back, I've seen too ma - ny

oth - er ships be - fore, If when you go to sea, With

men you want to be, Just sign up for the U. S. S. Wy - om - - ing

8

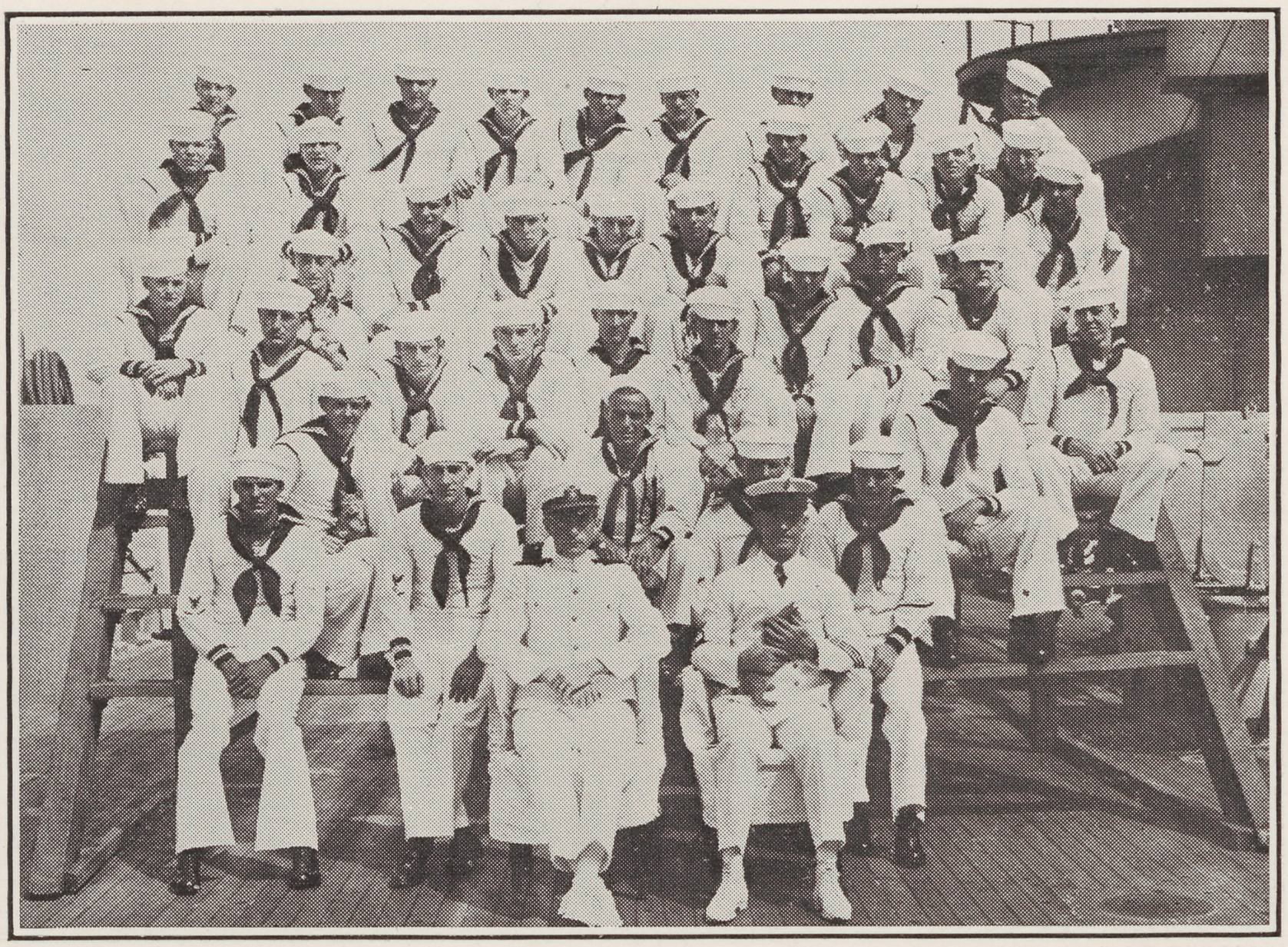


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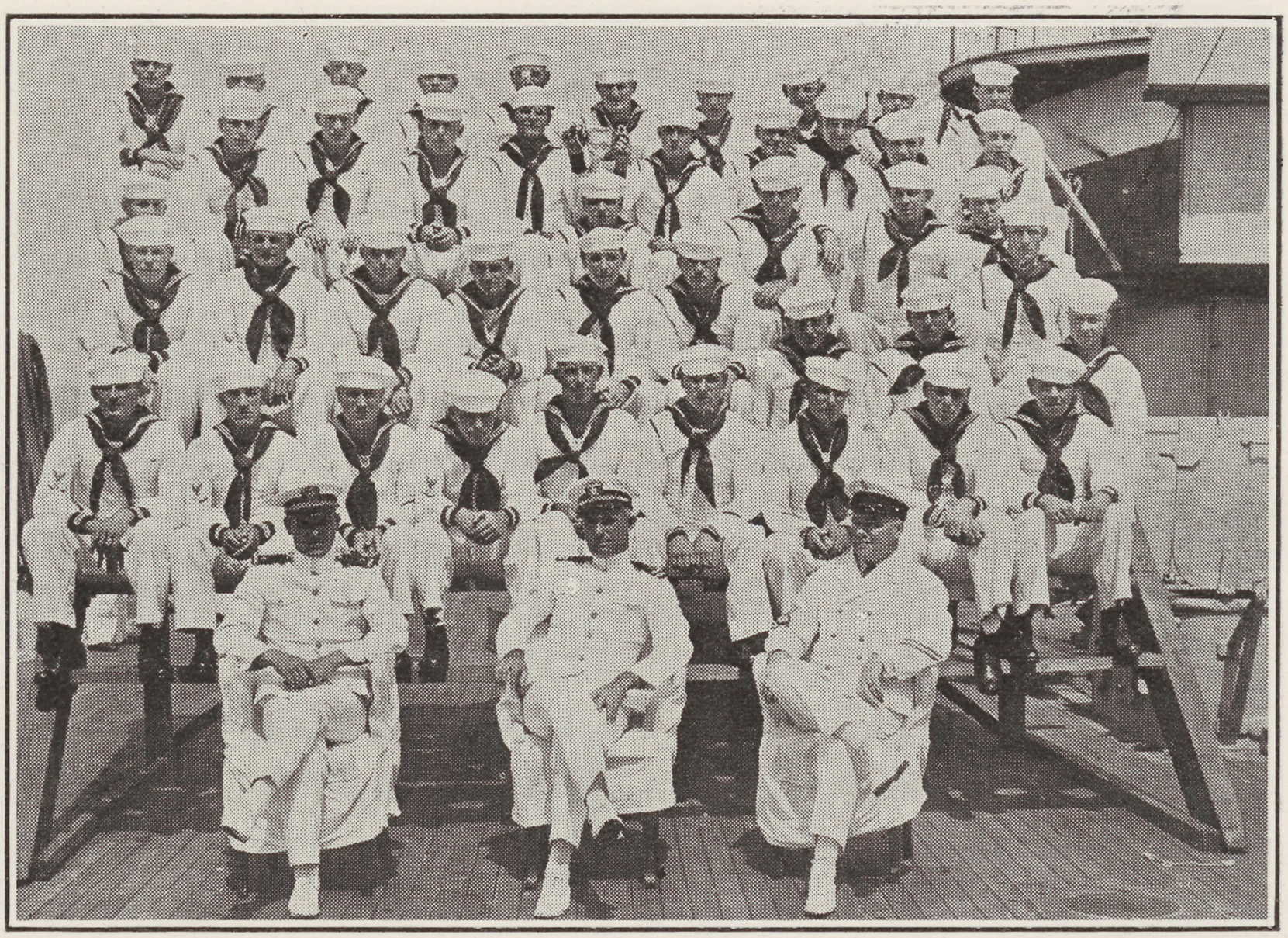


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Spantiz, S.
Suggs, G.
Sullivan, D. E.
Sweeney, E. J.
Tarrant, J. L.
Taylor, J. C.
Tice, H.
Uppenkamp, C B.
Varnadore, H T.
Wasilewski, S. J.
Watts, R. R.
Wethy, E. E.
Wysong, F. A.
Williams, C. R.

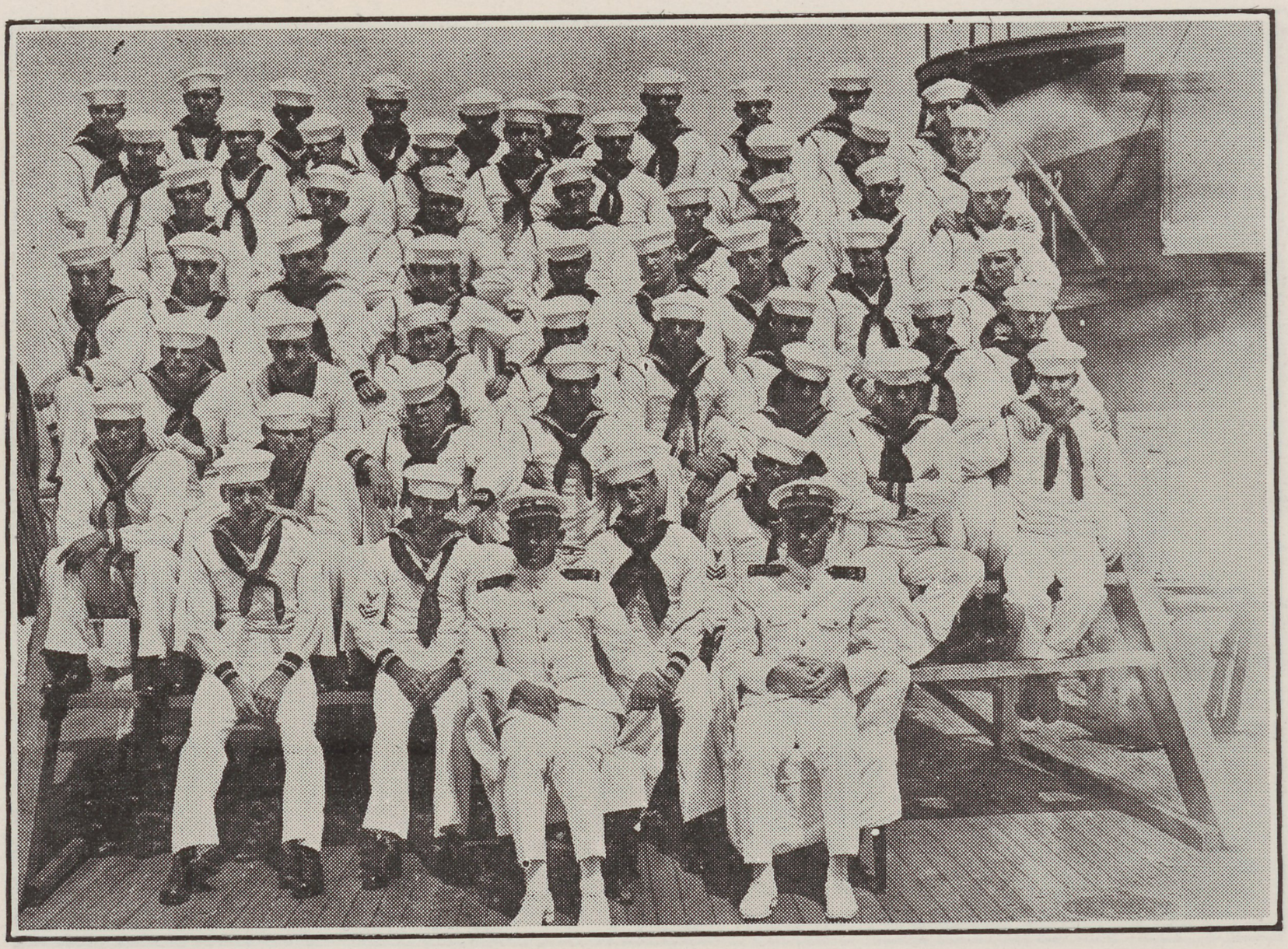


SIXTH DIVISION

Lieut. AXEL T. LINDBLAD

T. D. Young, C. B. M.

Adeletti, S.	Gober, J. U.	Morris, R. H.	Sherlock, J. V.
Barry, E. F.	Green, A. I.	Murphy, J. R.	Shroat, J. H.
Bryson, A. M.	Guthrie, J. J.	Muthig, P. N.	Smith, G. C.
Burgen, N. J.	Hagan, H. M.	Myers, J. H.	Smith, J. V.
Colegrove, C. E.	Haney, H. L.	Parker, J. C.	Snyder, W. A.
Crowley, A. M.	High, T. W.	Pellegrini, F. F.	Steffgen, H. C.
Davis, R. A.	Hill, B. B.	Perry, C.	Stomski, W. Z.
Dixon, P.	Johnston, E. D.	Pike, H.	Szczebak, P.
Edwards, D.	Lacroix, C. A.	Pociorek, W.	Taylor,P. F.
Emmons, Q. R.	Lafitte, D. R.	Reeder, H. L.	Wahne, F. C.
Felker, A. J.	Luzo, A. L.	Reese, W. H.	Wogksch, E. C.
Ferguson, E. J.	Maloney, F. A.	Rose, R.	Yuhl, W. A.
Fowler, J. H.	Margolis, H.	Ryan, T. J.	Zdroykowski, P. P.
Gauthier, J. X. H.	Menard, E. J.	Sale, E. M.	



SEVENTH DIVISION

Ensign ARTHUR M. HOOPER

Ensign David E. Roth, Junior Officer

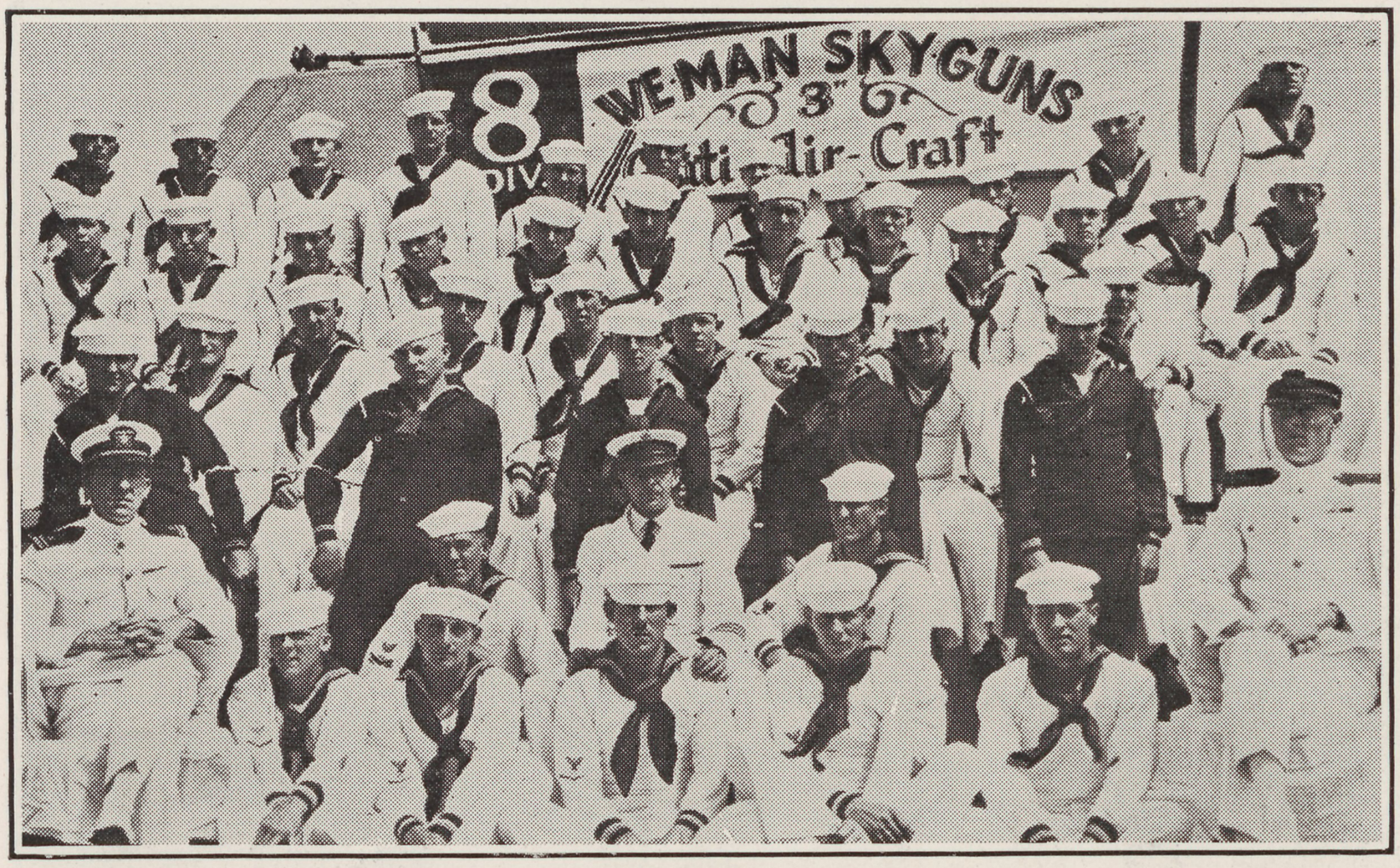
W. T. Nichols, C. B. M.

Ayers, D. E.
Beason, R. W.
Black, R. J.
Bolchunas, J. J.
Bowen, G. W.
Brow, L. A.
Brown, R. H.
Brown, G. W.
Bullard, G. W.
Burgess, A.
Bussiere, R. P.
Carpenter, G. F.
Cason, C. M.
Chester, J. E.
Chubb, D. C.
Cox, V. W.
DeCicco, A.
Wilson, O. L.

De Rosa, J. C.
Dumond, R. M.
Dunford, J. O.
Edens, W. S.
England, W. L.
Fallin, M.
Feeney, J. F.
Fisher, W. J.
Fullington, H. J.
Gott, J.
Grantham, F. A.
Hackett, G. J.
Hansen, J. W. D.
Harris, R. C.
Hilbran, H.
Holt, A.
Holt, H. W.

Hutson, H. F.
Josey, E. C.
Keith, F.
Kasprzyz, E. F.
Larkin, M. P.
Lord, T. H.
Lynch, W. H.
Maggert, L. P.
Marsh, J. F.
McDougal, M. L.
McHale, R. V.
McKinney, O.
Mickey, M. W.
O'Donnell, E. N.
Owens, C. W.
Pierce, W. M. L. J.
Powley, G. M.

Quayle, T. J.
Reinhardt, W. J.
Rhein, M. A.
Roy, M. A.
Sanders, C. D.
Satterwhite, D.
Schilder, H. A.
Schroeder, J. W.
Shackelford, W. D.
Sheldon, H. K.
Stomber, H. K.
Strange, W. D.
Thibodaux, V. J.
Tompkins, L. J.
Thompson, C. W.
Tyler, M. A.
Wilkes, J. O.



EIGHTH DIVISION

Lieut. (jg) WILLIAM H. HEALEY

Gunner Harold T. Petersen

W. F. Bueltmann, C. B. M.

E. M. West, C. B. M.

Allen, R. E.
Behnke, W. A.
Boyer, O. L.
Collins, I. J.
Connell, C. J.
Crowder, O. T.
Darden, W. T.
Desiena, JJ.
Driscoll, B. V.
Dupree, F. L.
Fincher, N. A.
Frazer, R. O.
Holdsworth, S. L.
Hoover, P. E.
Hopkins, B. F.
Jones, G. D.
Johns, L. O.
Kollack, C.
Langley, D. H.
Maid, E.
McCarthy, G. W.
McElroy, M.
Meadows, J. E.
Milks, I. C.
Mulvania, C. R.
Phillips, D. H.
Phillips, H. C.
Powers, P. Jr.
Prichard, E. M.
Prinzi, D.
Salisbury, F. S.
Scherr, F. W.
Schwinof, R. S.
Schowerman, R. LaV.
Sichler, R.
Spencer, D. R.
Stewart, W. H.
VanHam, R. E.
VanHouten, J. A.
Vaughan, P. H.
Voelker, E. N.
Walton, D.
Whitlock, C. I.
Williams, C. I.
Wilson, E. L.
Zawotsky, A. J.



MARINE DETACHMENT

Captain EARL H. JENKINS

Second Lieut. John R. Streett

First Sergeant E. A. Wooll

Gunnery Sergeant E. J. Kaminski

Attaway, G. M.
Ballou, R. L.
Barbasiewicz, J. A.
Barisciano, D. T.
Bellande, L.
Beller, R. J.
Benjamin, N. J.
Bieger, N. C.
Brown, D. A.
Bryson, W. I.
Campanelli, A. J.
Cannon, P. J.
Colbert, J. A.
Cole, G.
Connolly, P. H.
Constrale, F.
Coombs, R. R.
Cooper, B. V.
Cross, W. A.
Crowell, H. O.
Curtis, H. W.
Daniels, A. L.
Dasher, G.
Dean, P. K.
Domenas, P. J.
Dresh, C. J.
Echols, J. T.
Eckert, J. F.
Fedorisin, G. P.
Frantz, C. E.
Fuerst, M.
Furry, J.
Gant, J. E.
Goodman, E. M.
Goolsby, J. A.
Gorman, J.
Jenkins, F. L.
Johnson, C. E.
Johnston, A. G.
Kane, L.
Kelly, T. J.
Kessler, H. A.
Klehn, J. P. Jr.
Kleinpeter, S. R.
Klober, F. H.
Krajnak, A. J.
Landon, T. B.
Lang, R. M.
Larkins, G. I.
Leskovic, H.
Lyons, J. L.
MacLean, S.
Massey, W. E.
McAfee W,. M.
McCarthy, J. Jr.
McGee, B. H.
McGee, W. L.
McKnight, H. E.
Medalis, J. J.
Modock, A.
Monendo, F. J.
Morgan, C. D.
Nielsen, C. H.
Nutt, C. A.
O'Brien, J.
Oster, L. F.
Panzlau, L. G.
Parker, C. R .
Prine, C.
Pryor, C. E.
Robichaud, V. J.
Rushforth, W. J.
Sedlacek, W.
Smith, C. R.
Smith, C. W.
Smith, L. G.
Spielvogel, R. J.
Stein, H.
Streichert, A. W.
Stevens, G. W.
Tubbs, A. E.
Turner, W. J.
Walker, R. F.
Williams, K. A.
Winebrenner,, H. L.
Ziemer, G. T. Jr.



FIRE CONTROL DIVISION

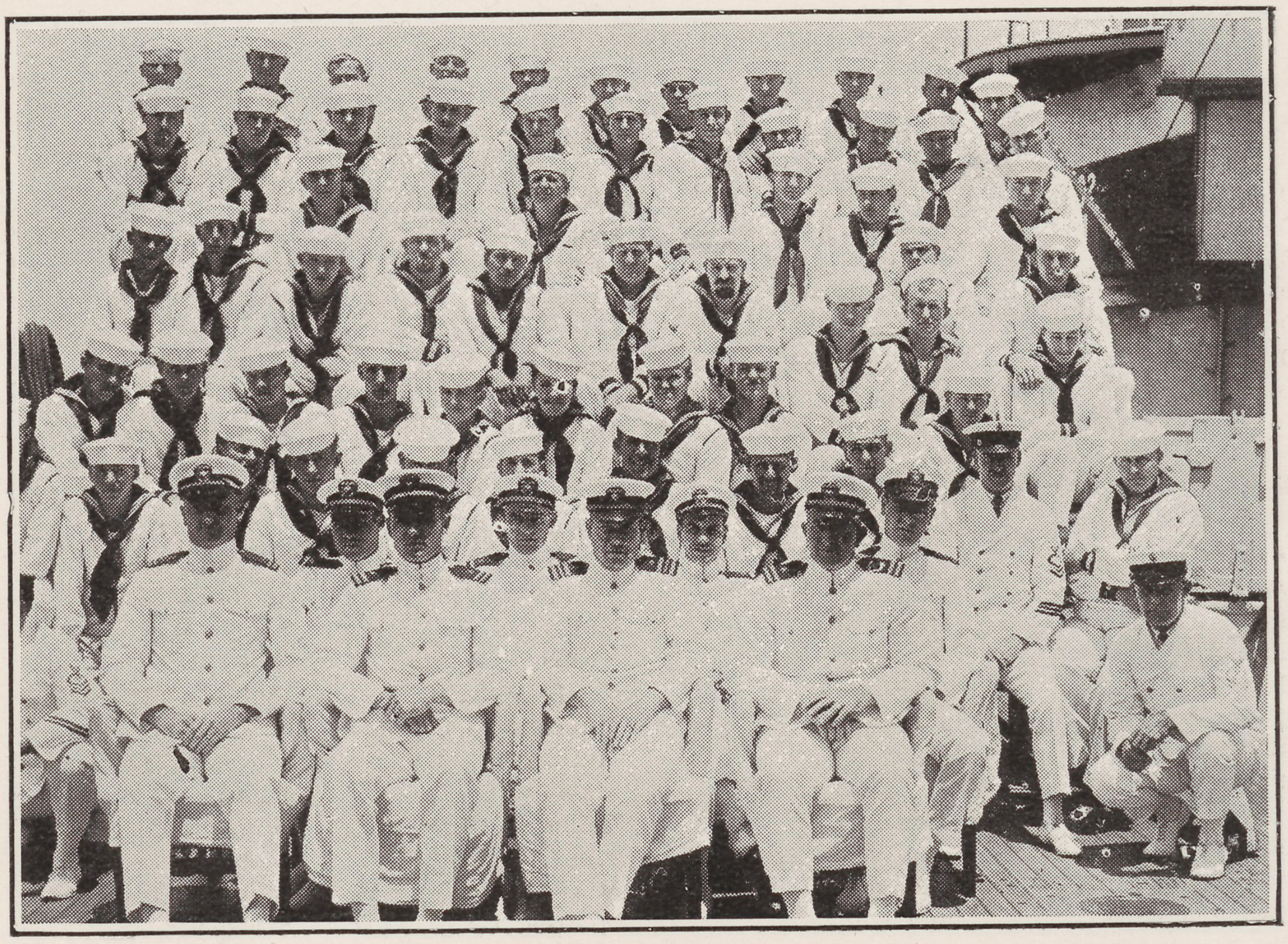
Ensign JOHN J. B. FULENWIDER

Ensign Alan R. McCracken Ensign Kenneth D. McCracken

Ensign John F. Cooke

S. Stefanski, C. B. M. E. I. Tolman, C. F. C. M.

Ashley, A. W.
Andersen, N. L.
Bishop, A. D.
Bowen, C. N.
Clendenning, R. N.
Fischer, L. F.
Gagnon, J. A.
Gaiti, B. R.
Gannon, E. C.
Graham, T. A.
Haskamp, A. J.
Hendrickson, H.
Hicks, B. B.
Holtzclaw, R.
Huie, W. J.
Hurd, D. R.
Huston, S. W. Jr.
Keith, J. D.
Keith, M.
Keller, R. L.
Kelly, J. E.
Lee, W. H.
Lingren, A.
Maroska, R. H.
Manfield, J. J.
McBride, R. C.
Messer, I. L.
Mills, W. H.
Moore, E. M.
Nielsen, N. P.
Plum, F.
Poor, M. E.
Reed, H. M.
Reilly, M. C.
Reinburg, L. C.
Robertson, V. C.
Roebuck, N.
Rollins, G. R.
Ryan, J.
Sabot, M. L.
Short, W. L.
Sloman, M. R.
Smyser, T. C.
Stanfield, M. W.
Stewart, R. E.
Taylor, A.
Vetrano, E. C.
Whitley, R. J.



ENGINEER DIVISION

Lieut. Comdr. AYLMER L. MORGAN, Jr.

Lieut. Philip C. Morgan	Lieut. Charles P. Porter	Lieut. Eugene L. Kell
Ensign Phillip M. Boltz	Ensign Bertrand D. Quinn	Ensign T. C. Southerland
Ensign Norman K. Roberts	Ensign A. E. McLaughlin	Ensign Arthur C. Wood
Ch. Mach. Henry I. Edwards	Ch. Mach. Ernest A. Healy	Ch. Mach. Erich O. Tuaer

G. E. McBride	C.Y.	M. F. Coleman	C.M.M.	M. McGinley	C.W.T.
H. W. Mason	C.M.M.	T. J. Carr	C.W.T.	J. D. Braun	C.W.T.
J. W. Conroy	C.M.M.	S. Bactowsky	C.W.T.	J. O'Keefe	C.W.T.
W. Schenandoah	C.M.M.	P. J. Perkins	C.W.T.	D. M. Grennan	C.W.T.
J. A. Spires	C.M.M.	C. A. Roach	C.W.T.	G. E Golder	C.W.T.

Ahern, R. E.	Betz, V. J.	Bourque, A. J.	Butler, J. L.
Anderson, L. J.	Blackmon, J.	Bower, A.	Calinao, A.
Armsworthy, T. C.	Blair, R. E. L.	Brandt, L. C.	Cantwell, J.
Arnold, C. W.	Blankenship, H. M.	Brennan, J. J.	Carr, C. R.
Arrington, T.	Blasel, F.	Bresson, F.	Carr, T. J.
Atwood, C. H.	Boates, A. E.	Brigman, R. C.	Carrico, J. L.
Avenengo, C. F.	Bohanan, J. T.	Brockway, A. J.	Casey, S. J.
Banton, V. E.	Bockover, C. W.	Brown, M. W.	Coffman, H. L.
Barrett, C. L.	Bollinger, J. W.	Brown, S.	Connor, R. W.
Barry, K. A.	Bonner, B.	Bruce, E. S.	Coons, C. E.
Beauchemin, G. R.	Bonner, O. O.	Bruning, W.	Cox, M. L.
Berryman, B. B.	Booe, H. R.	Bryan, A. M.	Craig, F.

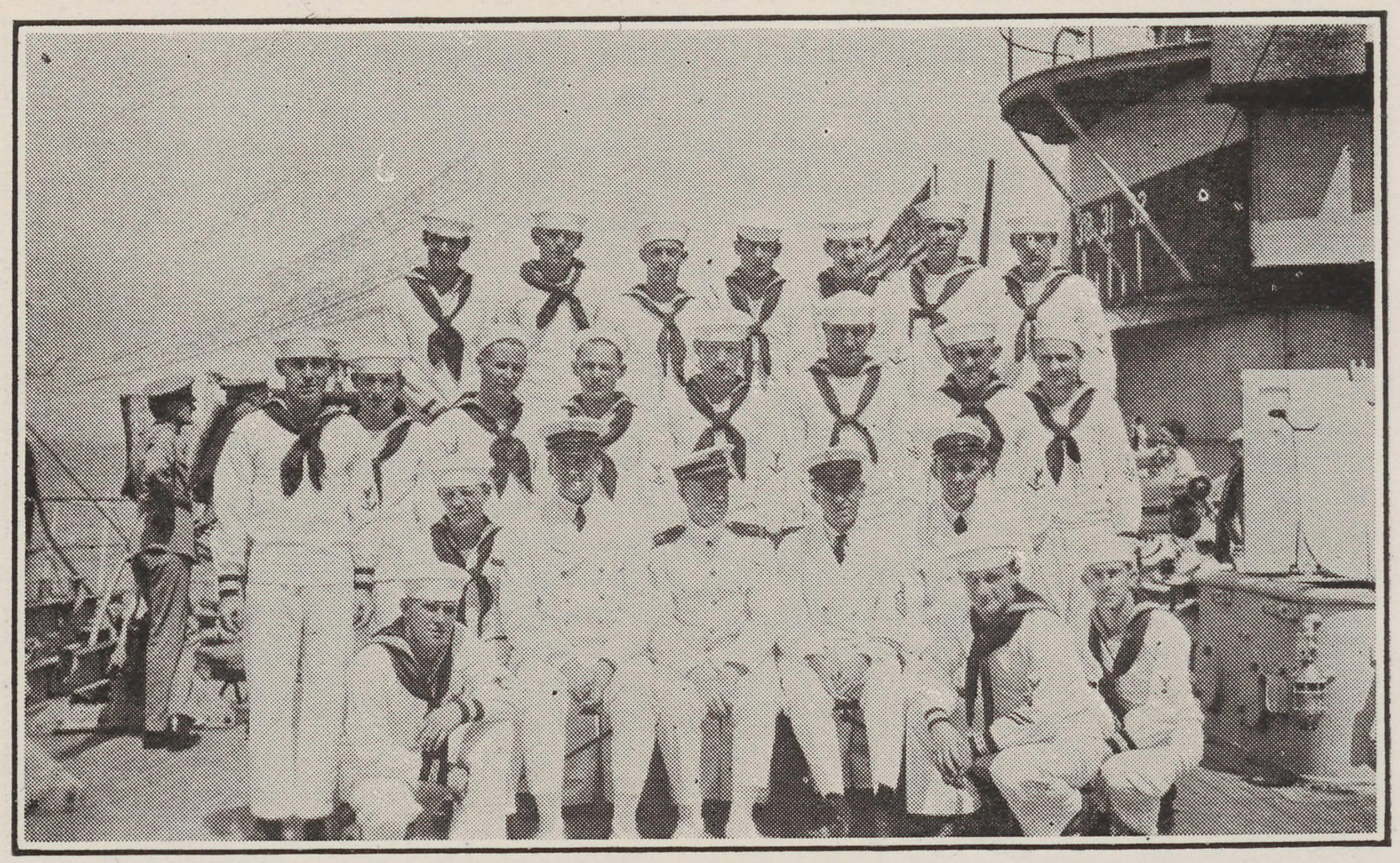
ENGINEER DIVISION (Continued)

Culliper, J. T.
D'Antuano, D.
D'Arrigo, J. A.
Davenport, F. E.
Davis, C. E.
DeReese, I. E.
Dewar, N. R.
Di Cioccio, C.
Dobbins, L. S.
D'Amato, A. J.
Domingo, V.
Dominy, H. R.
Dore, W. H.
Drummond, A.
Dunn, O. P.
Dunn, P. W.
Durden, J.
Eager, C. E.
Ebert, P. J.
Espy, E. C.
Etheridge, R. W.
Falkner, D. F.
Fehlinger, W.
Ferares, W.
Ferngren, A. T.
Flahive, H. G.
Fletcher, C. F.
Floyd, J. L.
Flosom, J. R.
Freeman, M. W.
Gantzer, R. V.
Garrison, F. L.
Gibb, J. L.
Gibbs, H. T.
Gilliam, O.
Gilliam, T. A.
Glenn, W. E.
Goodson, M. W.
Gompert, W. P.
Gray, P. L.
Griffin, D. G.
Griffy, L. R.
Gunn, J. B.
Hackathorn, H. F.
Hacker, C.
Hall, F .A.
Harper, D. D.
Harrington, W. F.
Harris, T. Jr.
Hatchel, P.
Hauf, R. C.
Haynes, E. F.
Henley, C.

Herbert, E. J.
Herrin, E.
Hewitt, M. R.
Higgason, H. H.
Hilfiker, J.
Hinnant, J. W.
Hocut, R. T.
Hogan, L. A.
Holmes, J. M.
Holt, R. L.
Horsburgh, J.
Horton, J. T.
Hough, E. A.
Houghlin, J. C.
Huntley, C.
Hurst, O.
Hutchins, W. L.
Hutson, A.
Jackson, A.
Jackson, C. J.
Jacobs, L. S.
James, E. E.
James, T. G.
Jennings, A. W.
Johnson, E.
Johnson, J. K.
Johnson, P.
Kammler, H. G.
Kanyea, J.
Katzamier, E.
Keene, J. R.
Kennedy, N. F.
Kestel, J. J.
Klaus, A. F.
Klein, O. A.
Kryvonis, A .
LaBarge, L. M.
Lacey, G. B.
Ledbetter, D.
Langford, J. T.
Lannucci, F.
Lapierrie, H. G.
Laester, J. L.
Leach, C.
Legan, H. W.
Lampman, R. E.
Lashure, W. J.
Leech, F. T.
Lents, C. B.
Leonard, A. C.
Lewis, M.
Lewis, T.
Lindig, T.

Lippert, G. T.
Little, G. L.
Lousader, R. R.
Lynch, H. T .
Lundy, A. W.
Lysakowskey, J. J.
Ledbetter, E. B.
McLaughlin, T. M.
McKay, W. R. P.
McMahon, M. W.
McCain, G. D.
McCoy, R. C.
McCollough, J. F.
McClure, W. F.
Molnar, J. R.
McDonald, M.
McBride, W. J.
MacLeod, L. D.
Mancoskey, E. J.
Mathews, J. R.
Messier, L. A.
Miller, P. E.
Mims, J. R.
Miner, E.
Monroe, L.
Miller, R. C.
Mattheis, N. G.
Matthews, C. H.
Mottalo, T. W.
Mulhollan, M.
Mulloy, T. J.
Murphy, B.
Nedzalkowski, E.
O'Hare, W. E.
Oliver, E. L.
O'Malley, J. A.
Osborne, L. L.
Padgett, J. B.
Page, R. H.
Palmer, C. W.
Parrish, J. G.
Parrish, H. W.
Parrish, W. H.
Patterson, F. K.
Peterson, P. J.
Phillips, E. B.
Phillips, W.
Plante, E. T.
Prescott, L.
Price, J.
Quinn, J. H.
Rhoades, J. L.
Richards, C. M.

Richards, R. D.
Roberson, J. T.
Roberts, I. C.
Robinson, G. A.
Rogers, J.
Rogers, R. L.
Ross, L. F.
Rupp, C. J.
Sanders, C. A.
Saxon, A. G.
Schirling, E. V.
Scholz, H. G.
Shinkle, S. L.
Shrouds, W.
Sivills, C. C.
Smith, B.
Smith, J. A.
Smithers, L. C.
Solaris, R. L.
Sortonis, F.
Spaniel, J. C.
Spiroch, L. F.
Stephens, G. W.
Steward, R. D.
Stinson, C. B.
Sweeney, H. R.
Stoeckel, C. P.
Swisher, C. H.
Tiedman, H. F.
Thurman, W. J. B.
Todd, H. T.
Tomaszewski, S. F.
Tyler, J. B.
Vanderberg, W.
Vantasser, M. W.
Vogelsang, F.
Wages, W. B.
Wagoner, A. D.
Waianuhea, J.
Walters, C. R.
Waltz, A. F.
Wessels, R. L.
White, B.
White, J. F.
White, W. H.
Wiles, R. O.
Williams, I. W.
Willis, P. O'M.
Wilson, N. M.
Wolfey, J.
Wood, J. J.
Yroglin, A. A.
Zanetti, L. A.



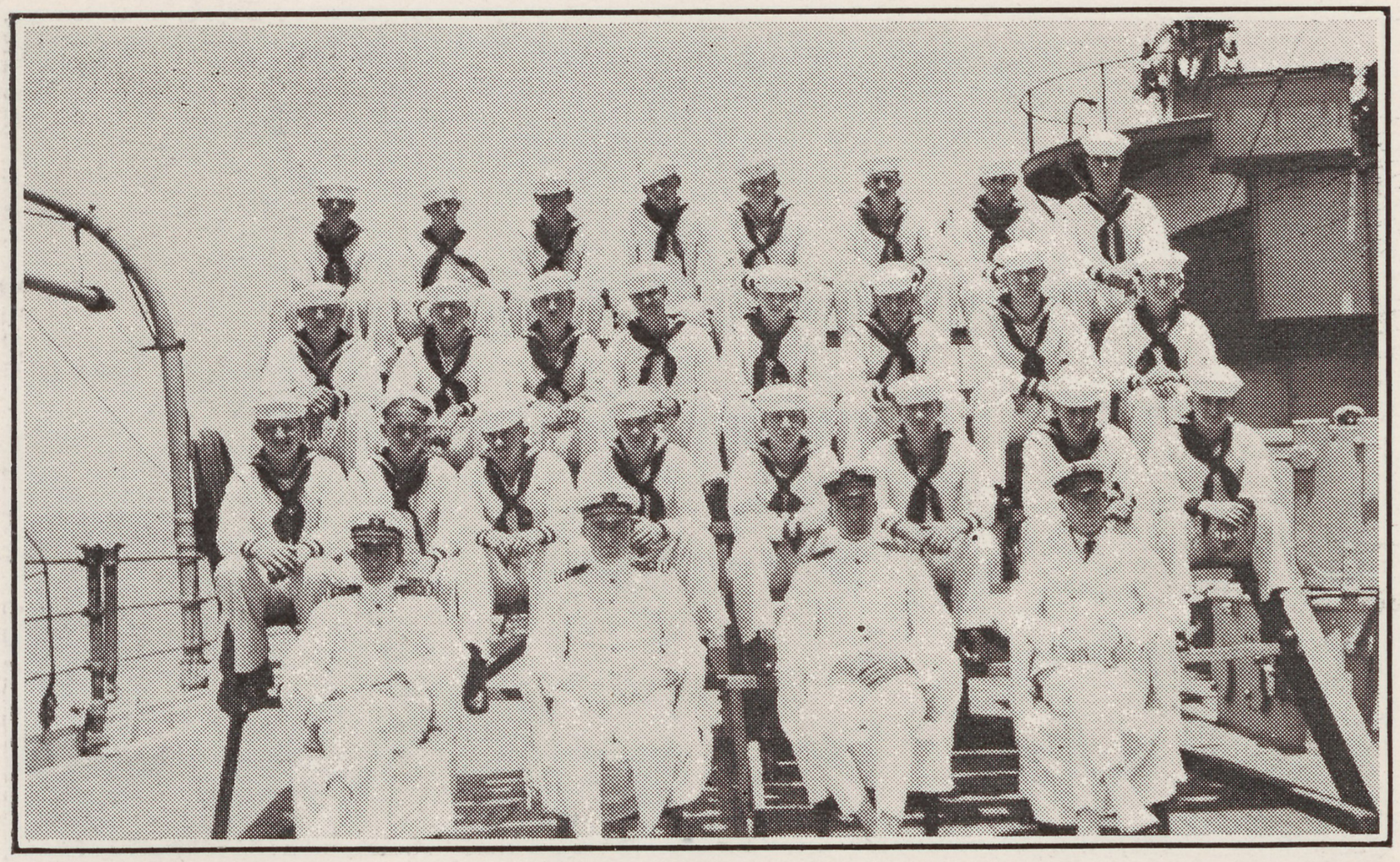
ELECTRICIANS

Lieut. Comdr. VINCENT A. CLARKE, Jr.

Chief Gunner Arthur F. Murphy

F. N. Blondin, C. E. M.
G. W. Dilworth, C. E. M.
A. N. Kehoe, C. E. M.
C. Faber, C. E. M.

Birch, A. D.
Brigman, R. C.
Burns, S. R.
Edgar, C. F.
Erm, J. F.
Freiss, C. C.
Graham, H. C.
Graham, H. L.
Higgason, H. H.
Hippler, A. S.
Juenger, R. B.
Klonparnes, J. H.
Laslure, W. J.
Lousader, R. R.
LeBarge, L. M.
Leyson, F.
Liki, J.
Matthies, N. G.
Martin, B. V.
Martinsen, L. T.
McCarley, C. J.
Michaels, D. R.
Miles, C. F.
Morgret, R. H.
Morrisey, W. T.
Nicholson, E. W.
O'Neal, F. J.
Phillips, E. B.
Rawls, M.
Schelling, N.
Scholz, H. G.
Smith, L.
Sugden, W. H.
Thon, E. K.
Tiedman, H. F.
VanBuren, A. L.



NAVIGATOR'S DIVISION

Lieut. Comdr. HORATIO J. PIERCE

Ensign Thomas E. Fraser, Assistant Navigator

Lieut. Walter M. A. Wynne — Lieut. (jg) Walter R. Jones

Ensign John W. Price, Jr. — Ensign Elijah W. Irish

Ensign Stockton B. Colt, Jr.

Gunner Albert J. Berberick

J. H. Glass	C.Y.	L. Winder	C.Q.M.	J. M. Crider	C.R.M.
G. Willis	C.S.M.	T. E. Bean	C.R.M.	W. A. Haerer	C.R.M.

Behan, J. T. J.
Blades, T. D.
Bourdon, A. J.
Bryan, W. D.
Cantwell, J. B.
Coffin, E. L.
Cox, E. L.
Farren, E. W.
Fischer, M. A.
Friel, J. W.
Flowers, A. E.
Goodrich, R. R.
Hamilton, E. G.
Hand, G. A.
Hansen, H. W.
Hill, R.
Hopkins, C. H.
Inman, P. E.
Jackson, G. R.
Kelley, G. E.
Kendall,, L. E.
Lally, J.
Lawrence, J.
Langenhagen, J. A.
Leatherwood, H. G.
Link, C. H. Jr.
Maguire, E. J.
Mahone, W. P.
McDonald, H.
McLaughlin, J. J.
McMahon, J. J.
Moon, P. C.
Morgan, C. V.
Mules, G. T.
Murray, R.
Nagata, W. S.
Nooney, J. P.
Norko, P. A.
Parker, W. W.
Pearson, A. B.
Roberts, R. B.
Rosenbaum, M. S.
Robinson, R. S.
Ryan, W. J.
Santos, M. R.
Singleton, R.
Slivinske, J. E.
Styles, R. L.
Suchomel, F.
Terry, B.
Terwilliger, C.
Thomas, P.
Ward, J.
Wiggins, M. K.
Wilkinson, E. C.
Williams, E. G.
Woodard, L. E.



SIGNALMEN

Ensign WALTER M. GRAESSER

M. S. Slater, C. S. M. G. Willis, C. S. M.

Baker, J. F.	Cowell, E. A.	Hardy, B. P.	Reynolds, J. T.
Bourdon, A. J.	Chambers, J.	Kiligas, G. A.	Stone, C.
Buchal, P. R.	Davis, L. E.	Mackin, J.	Taylor, H.
Brown, O. D.	Feldpauch, R. E.	McLaughlin, J. J.	Wynn, L. C.
Bennett, J. H.	Holly, E. A.	Pope, J. D.	Wirtz, A. G.
Cook, W. F.	Holthaus, E. R.	Price, W. M.	Wonders, R. G.

THE CORRESPONDENCE CUP.

During the cruise around the world in 1907 the newspapermen accompanying the fleet noticing the keen rivalry in signal competition presented to the signal force excelling in signals a trophy, known as the Correspondence Cup. The Cup was first won by the U. S. S. Nebraska, since then this Cup has been the coveted prize of all signal forces in the Atlantic Fleet and is heatedly contested for every year. Many close competitions have resulted.

The importance of efficiency in signals cannot be underestimated, a battle could be lost or a fleet greatly disorganized by a simple error on a signalmans part. Recently the bureau authorized that signals be included in competition for the battle efficiency pennant.

The Wyoming signal force have therefore striven to attain that efficiency that would be a credit to the ship and in this we feel that we have been partly successful, winning this years competition with a score of 99.4.

The Wyoming can point with pride that they have thrice been the holder of the Correspondence Cup. First winning it in 1914 and again in 1924 and 1925. No ship has yet won the trophy for three consecutive years but the Wyoming hopes to add another record by taking that honor this coming year.



TORPEDO DIVISION

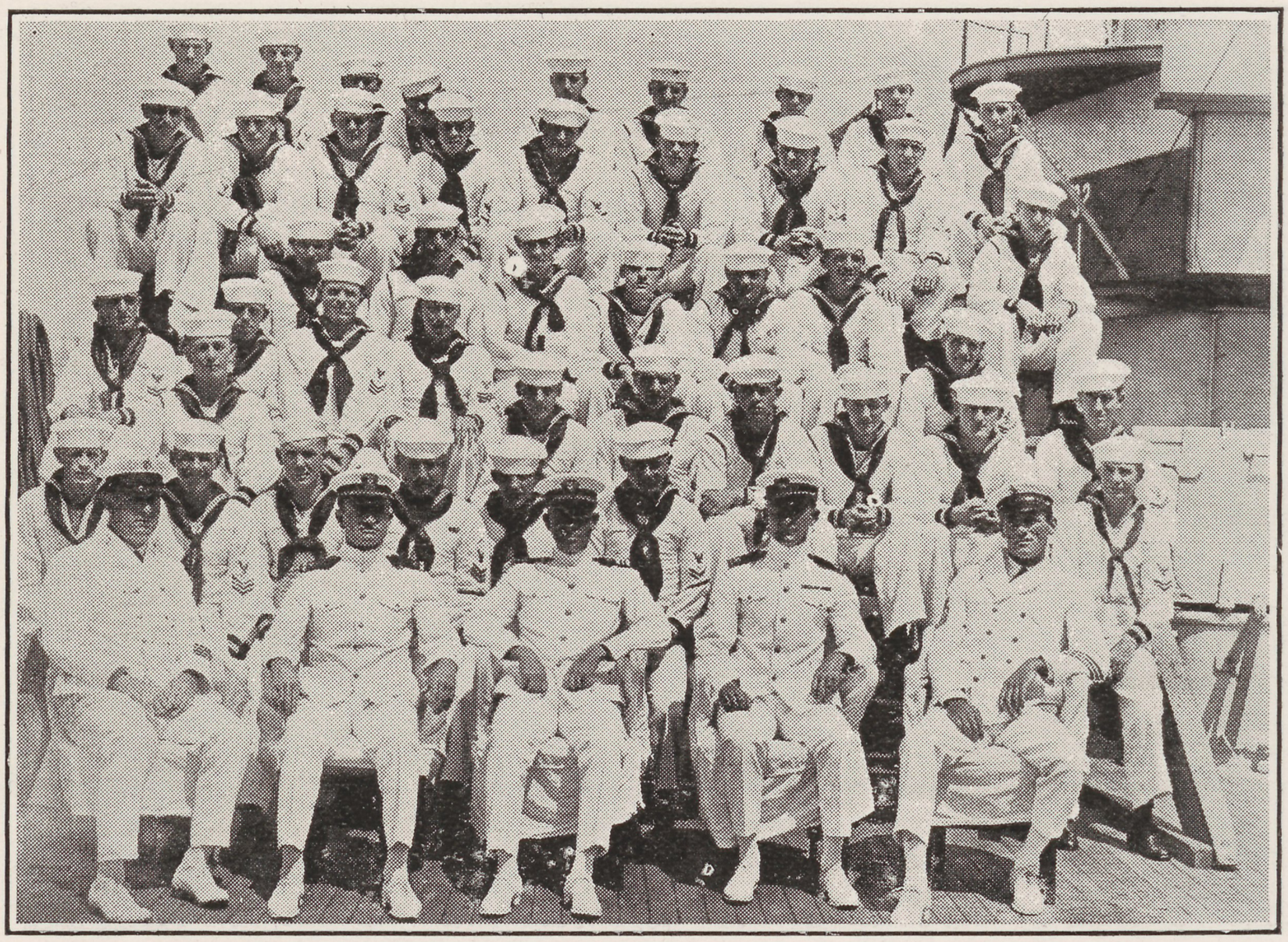
Lieut. MYRON T. GRUBHAM

Lieut. (jg) George H. Gregory (Aviation) Lieut. (jg) Walton W. Smith (Aviation)

Chief Gunner William E. Perschbach

H. A. Coffman	C.G.M.	M. F. Herrity	C.G.M.	P. E. Graham	A.P.
C. L. Derrick	C.G.M.	J. E. Klein	C.G.M.	L. M. Eshleman	A.C.R.
R. Grant	C.G.M.	W. J. Kwiathowski	C.G.M.	W. F. Manthorne	C.R.M.
C. W. Haskins	C.T.M.	E. A. Pascall	C.G.M.		

Blodgett, J. S.
Cunningham, E. S.
Damon, C. C.
Dunn, H. S.
Fitch, S. C.
Hubbird, C. E.
Johnson, A. W.
LaParella, L.
Mafale, J.
Mahoney, W. J.
Maccario, J.
Margelot, W. R.
Marvel, J. H.
McCall, C. J.
Metzel, E.
Palmer, R. C.
Pars, F. L.
Penznick, J.
Phipps, H. W.
Rhodes, E.
Termine, T.
Whalen, D. D.
Bates, D. J.
Bupp, W. H.
Capellini, C. E.
Ewing, L.
Glennon, L.
Riffe, L. H.
Sney, A.
Sigman, J. B.



CONSTRUCTION AND REPAIR DIVISION

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Anchord, G. M.
Beatty, J. I.
Brenner, A. C.
Brenner, A.
Brooks, E. D. W.
Brown, S. A.
Bullock, W. T.
Cake, C. M.
Cesario, F.
Comerton, J. T.
Cutter, C. W.
Dean, H. K.
Dougherty, L. J.
Farrell, W. H.
Fellows, M. L.
Felthaus, B. J.
Filippo, L. R.
Fisher, T. W.
Ford, C. A.
Hammond, W. H.
Henning, B. J.
Hood, C. W.
Host, R. S.
Howerton, D. E.
Kallery, L.
Kantola, T. A.
Klimas, J. J.
Kovacic, J. C.
Langford, J. J.
Leyman, C. F.
MacDonald, A. S.
McDaniel, L. S.
McGraw, J.
Mims, H. G.
Myers, E.
Peterson, H. E.
Phillips, H. O.
Reddy, T. J.
Reirdan, J. F.
Repko, T. A.
Snodgrass, G. H.
Strofield, P.
Tyler, W. H.
Walton, C. G.
Weiss, A. F.
Whitwell, W. J. B.
Winship, H. A.
Zimmerman, L. J.



SUPPLY DIVISION

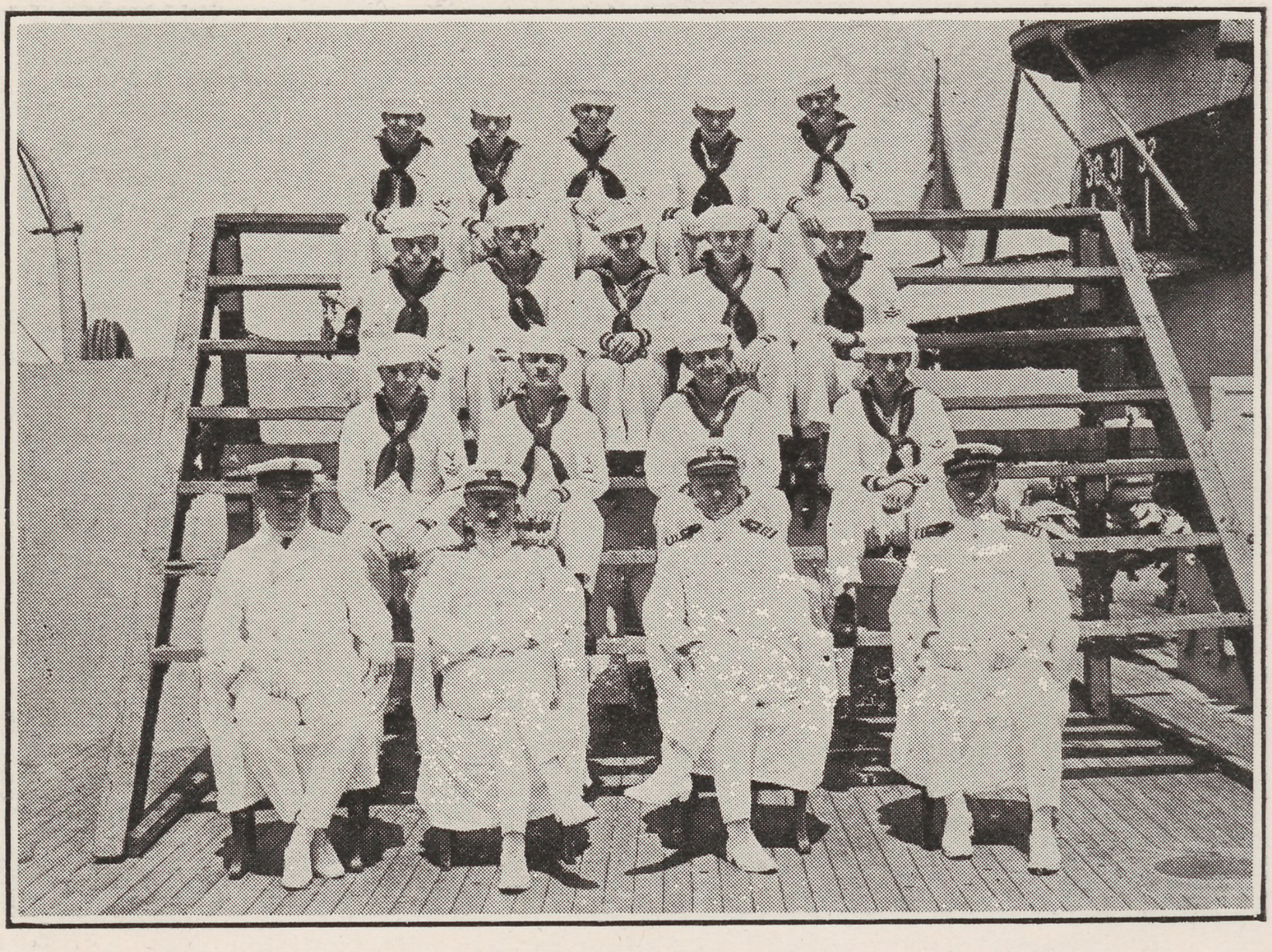
Lieut. Comdr. ARTHUR H. MAYO

Lieut. Karl S. Farnum

Pay Clerk Arthur Lyell, Jr. — Pay Clerk George O. R. Roberson

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H. E. Davis	C.S.K.	W. P. Mouland	C.S.K.	R. Jones	C.C.Std.

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Alferos, H.
Aguinaldo, P.
Allen, L. E.
Aragon, F.
Asanon, J.
Ayers, J. H.
Baldevarona, C.
Barney, W. L.
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Bautista, F.
Bishop, W. E.
Bowman, B.
Bronstein, M.
Bruning, J.
Buckley, W. F.
Bullard, J.
Burleson, H. L.
Burns, C. L.
Cabel, A.
Caindoy, L.
Campbell, E.
Castillo, B.
Caval, G.
Christensen, J. M.
Cowley, L.
Daniels, L. M.
Dapkus, A.
Dausch, H. G.
David, I.
Denny, R. L.
Dearosiers, J. W.
Depedro, R.
Ebo, F.
Domingo, D.
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Edwards, H. R.
England, W. L.
Esler, C. R.
Fisher, F. A.
Flor, P. C.
Fox, D. L.
Garcia, M.
Gawron, R. F.
Grande, F.
Grider, M. R.
Green, W.
Harris, C.
Hearn, W. V. J.
Heath, H. L.
Higgins, T. P.
Hill, K. N.
Hogan, W. H.
Hynes, J. J.
Jarrard, A. D.
James, W. M.
Jaramilla, M.
Johns, W. F.
Jugos, S.
Kendall, A. R.
Lipschitz, M.
Long, W. F.
Longley, L. C.
MacDonald, A. F.
Malindog, A.
Manahan, G.
Mangosing, S.
McGatha, C. E.
Merry, J. J.
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Moore, C. L.
Morris, J. E.
Mortimer, R. M.
Munns, P.
Muscarella, J.
Naucali, L.
Norman, S. R.
Papillin, J. E.
Parnell, A. W.
Penas, M.
Petry, E. R.
Powell, H. C.
Reyes, C.
Reyes, P.
Rivera, F.
Robinson, W.
Sako, K.
Sabottke, A.
Schafer, F. L.
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Sloan, J. E.
Spoonhoward, J. F.
Stephens, M. D.
Stephenson, A.
Stewart, H. W.
Stout, C. A.
Thurlow, P. H.
Trumpower, G. W.
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Villaneuva, T.
Webb, R. S.
Weinstein, S.
Wheeler, J. H.
Wiles, R. O.
Wilhelmy, G. C. M.
Williams, G.
Williams, O.
Williams, S.
Wood, E. R.
Zeman, J. R.



MEDICAL DEPARTMENT

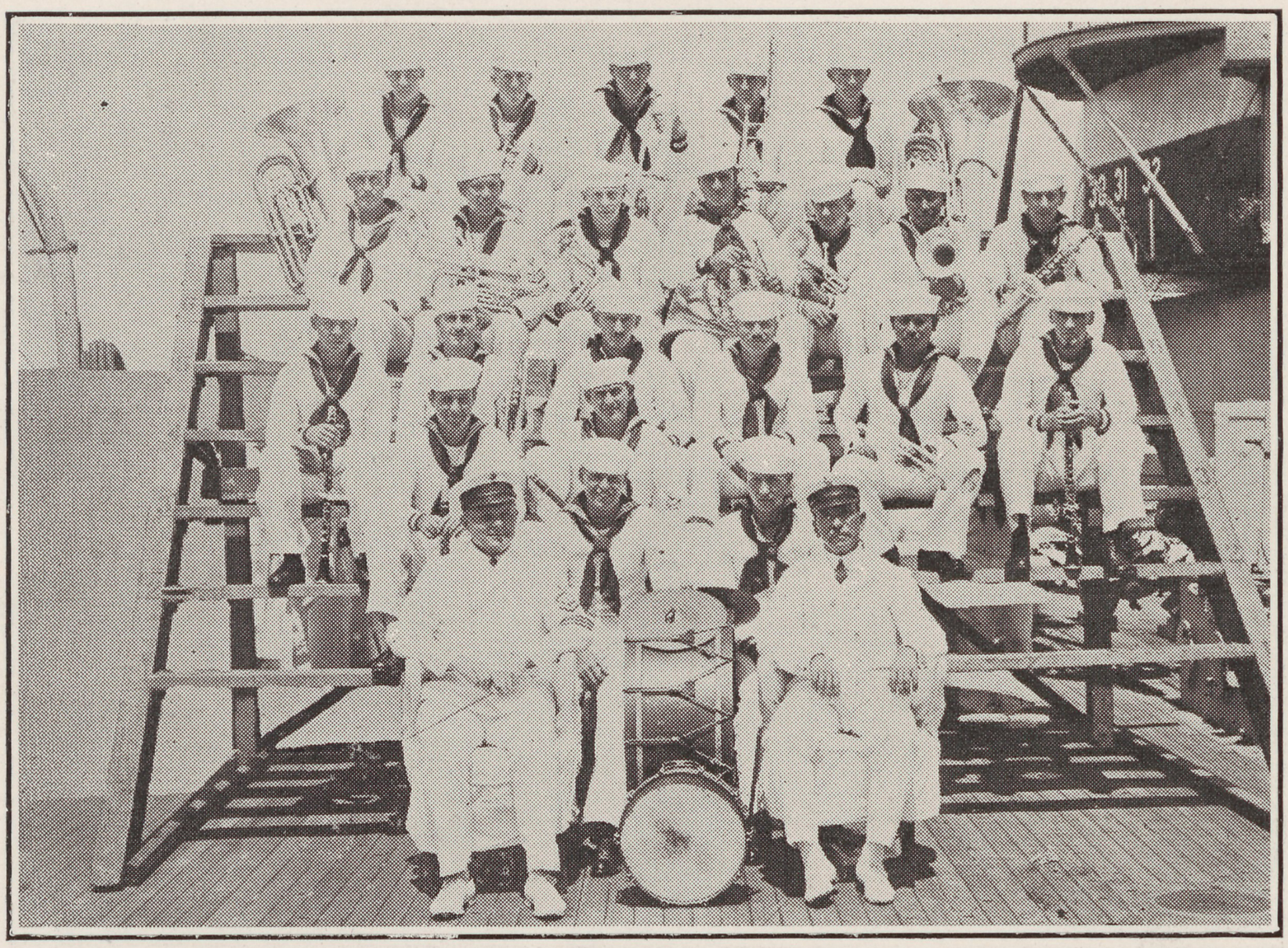
Lieut. Comdr. WILLIAM W. HARGRAVE

Lieut. Spry O. Claytor, Dental Offier

Lieut. (jg) Caldwell J. Stuart, Assistant Medical Officer

D. W. Chapman, C. Ph. M.

Black, C. C.
Blacknall, N.
Bowling, D. A.
Chipley, C. L.
Donovan, F. W.
Faber, J. P.
Grayson, E. S.
Jacobus, B.
Lewis, A. W.
Morrison, W. Jr.
Ney, E. C.
Pearson, P. C.
Pettit, F. V.
Schaub, J. C.
Stebbins, T. C.



U. S. S. WYOMING BAND

B. VANDEN HAUTE, Bandmaster

G. L. GROSSO, Bandmaster

Arceno, S.
Armstrong, A. W.
DeFacis, J. A.
Edwards, S. F.
Ginn, T. D.
Hackert, H. L. A.
Harbeck, C. M.
McCarty, J. D.
Miskinis, A.
Moore, L. D.
O'Connor, E. R.
Parker, A. M.
Samson, M. M.
Schantz, F. C.
Skillman, W. O.
Warner, E. N.
Wehr, G. E.
Westland, W. E.



FLAG COMPLEMENT

Lieut. Comdr. WILLIAM W. SMITH

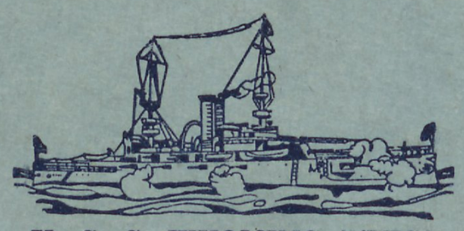
T. A. Sheridan	C.B.M.	F. A. Housey	C.Y.	R. R. Hamlin	C.Y.
F. E. Cooper	C.B.M.	D. L. Berryman	C.Y.	J. L. Maydole	C.Prtr.
J. Murphy	C.B.M.	C. H. Richards	C.Y.	J. R. Ingham	C.Ph.M.

Alferos, H.	Davis, L. E.	Johnson, T. E.	Price, W. M.
Bailey, H. H.	Downes, P. W.	Judd, A. C.	Pugh, K. T.
Baker, J. F.	Dudley, L. P.	LeBoeuf, E. T.	Rine, V. S.
Barrow, E.	Eubanks, E.	Mackay, A. F.	Ransom, L. Jr.
Beck, J. F.	Estudillo, F.	Maestro, A,	Robles, P.
Bennett, J. H.	Feltz, W. J.	Marquez, E.	Sales, J.
Brown, O D.	Fletcher, P. H.	McFarland, J.	Santos. M.
Buchal, P. R.	Foster, H. L.	Merkel, G. C.	Schreiber, J.
Butler, A. B.	Holly, E. A.	Navares, C.	Smith, A. K.
Cabel, A.	Howerton, G. L.	Nazal, J.	Taylor, H. G.
Carter, C. R.	Hunt, J. E.	Nutter, M. D.	Toppas, W. H.
Cook, W. F.	Irwin, T. E.	Phillips, B. B.	Weir, R. O.
Cowell, E. A.	Jackson, A. M.	Ploessel, M. E.	Wirtz, A. G.
Cuebas, E .	Johnson, R. L.	Pope, J. D.	

IN CLOSING

THE cruise is over and already its memory is beginning to fade. During the past six months we have worked hard, on deck and down below; lost some sleep; and like every person in this world, wished at times we were somewhere else, doing something different. That is only one side of the cruise, one side of life. It is the part we forget. Memory keeps only the best things—the experiences that have given us pleasure.

The past cruise was full of such. This book contains within its pages a summary of many of them, and the names and faces of the shipmates with whom we enjoyed them. As the years hurry along, few will remember that there was ever a Hawaiian Cruise in 1925, but to those of us who were on the Wyoming this little book will always bring back a thrill.



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